

NEW

APRIL

1994

MISSION NEWS

777 VALENCIA ST. • SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94110 • 695-8702 • VICTOR MILLER - EDITOR IN CHIEF

Photo by Naib Joe Hakim

UCSF EXPANSION
HITS A SNAG

by Stett Holbrook

In a proposed venture between San Francisco General Hospital Medical Center (SFGH) and the University of California, San Francisco (UCSF), SFGH has made available a site for the construction of a 60-foot-tall clinical and bio-medical research facility located at a parking lot on SFGH grounds. Although neither SFGH nor UCSF has specified the exact nature of the research to be conducted, a Department of City Planning report states that portions of the facility would be used for experimentation where toxic, infectious and radioactive elements would be used. The building would house an "animal care facility" in which rats, mice and occasionally other animals would be used. According to the report, called a Preliminary Negative Declaration (PND), the facility could also be expected to generate radioactive waste, infectious waste and hazardous chemical waste — which include carcinogenic waste. Laboratory exhaust hoods would expel volatile chemical fumes from roof-stacks into the surrounding air. Below the facility, two storage tanks would hold diesel fuel and chemical waste. In light of San Francisco's history of earthquakes, these underground tanks could pose a threat to the area.

In 1987, a PND was prepared for the AIDS research facility next to the proposed site. The report indicated that the site is in a "Special Geologic Study Area" as shown in the Community Safety Element of the San Francisco Master Plan, meaning an area in which one or more geologic hazards may exist. Subsequently, the AIDS research building was constructed with seismic dangers in mind. The PND for the bio-med facility, however, states that the proposed project is not in an area of potential geologic hazard. A soil boring was taken (600 feet from the proposed site) to determine soil conditions for building construction, but not to determine the existence of seismic threats.

If approved by the UC Board of Regents

and the San Francisco Planning Commission, the 120,000-square-foot building would help offset overcrowding problems at UCSF's Parnassus campus. Approximately 100,000 square feet of the facility would be used for UCSF research needs and the remaining 20,000 for SFGH clinical uses. Although the details have yet to be finalized, the City of San Francisco, which owns the land, plans to lease the site to a private developer who would be responsible for financing and construction the facility to UCSF specifications. Approval of the project, however, has been temporarily thwarted by local residents who oppose the plan.

A copy of the PND was sent to residents of the 22nd Street/San Bruno neighborhood who live directly across from the proposed site. The PND argued the facility would not "significantly" affect the environment and concluded the project would produce no direct effects on the area; only indirect ones such as traffic, air quality, noise and visual quality. Two residents of the small neighborhood, Greg and Karen Baumbach, disagreed.

"We don't call traffic, air quality, noise and visual quality indirect effects, but direct effects," explained the Baumbachs in a written response to the Department of City Planning's findings. "SFGH is also assuming that we don't care about the change in the use of the site; that we're blind, hearing impaired and just don't care..." They rejected the report's findings and requested that a full environmental impact report (EIR) be made. To make their appeal, the Baumbachs were required to pay \$206 and to submit a letter stating the grounds of their appeal.

An appeal requires the Planning Commission to determine whether an EIR must be prepared. Although the Department of City Planning denied their appeal and upheld the findings in the PND, a public hearing will be held on April 14 at which anyone may testify for or against the need for an EIR.

At a dinner given in March by SFGH for concerned residents of the 11-home neighbor-

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SCHOOLS CHAOS
RAGES ON

by Victor Miller

In baseball, it's never over 'til it's over, as the saying goes. In the turbulent world of San Francisco politics, it seems like it's simply never over; case in point: the battle that has been raging since November to determine the fate of four Mission schools, still far from resolution.

A plan by Superintendent of Schools Bill Rojas would demolish the highly regarded Las Americas Children's Center and Moscone School and force their consolidation with another facility, Mission Education Center.

The three schools would be relocated in a newly constructed building at 21st and Harrison Streets. This was the location of John O'Connell Technical High School before damage from the 1989 Loma Prieta Earthquake forced O'Connell into a long and uncomfortable exile in the Avenues. O'Connell would be relocated to a new building at 20th and Harrison, the site vacated by the demolition of Las Americas/Moscone. This is referred to as the "site-switch" plan by some and the "tear-down" plan by others.

Parents, teachers and some school ad-

ministrators have voiced fierce opposition to this scenario. They have argued that Las Americas/Moscone and the Noe Valley-situated Mission Education Center are doing just fine where they are and O'Connell should go back to its former home. This has been dubbed the "stay-put" plan.

A meeting on March 19th at Cesar Chavez School to review both plans and two additional options not only left few people satisfied but led to a grassroots drive against Proposition A, a \$95-million school bond measure that goes before the voters in June. This proposition, although it would be directed to serious repair problems in over 100 sites throughout the School District, is being challenged by some Mission residents and parents because \$5 million of it is intended for the tear-down plan.

A ballot argument against Prop A has been filed for inclusion in the voter handbook by John O'Connell parents Vicki Rega and Linda De La Rosa, Mayor's Mission Task Force member Andrew Solow and activists Alfred Lopez and Ron Norlin (all Mission residents). This action, along with a similar argument by

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CINCO DE MAYO

FESTIVAL

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GRAND PARADE

Sun., May 1 * 11 am
Starts at 24th St and Bryant
to Civic Center Plaza (See Page 3)

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ARTS CONSULTANT MARIO JOEL

by Deborah Israel

The 1994 Cinco de Mayo Festival will take place Saturday and Sunday, April 30 and May 1, 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. both days. San Francisco's Civic Center Plaza will be the hub for this year's colorful, multicultural event featuring music, arts and crafts, food, dance and performances from all over Latin America and beyond. Over 100,000 people are expected to pour into the Mission and down to the Civic Center during this weekend.

This year's festival honors and pays tribute to all Latinas, Chicanas and Mexicanas. Mothers, wives, sisters, girlfriends and amigas will all feel proud during this weekend which celebrates their intelligence, accomplishments, nurturing, resilience and survival. Festival organizers have made a special effort to gather women artists, performers, chefs, activists and educators in this year's event. They will set up pavilions featuring information about women's health and education issues.

The Grand Parade will begin on Sunday at 11 a.m. on 24th and Bryant Street and proceed down the same route as last year but ending up at Civic Center Plaza. At press time, the Grand Marshall for the parade had not been chosen; but of course, we can expect to see an outstanding Latina woman steering this exciting, colorful event as it courses through the Mission. The seven winners of the "Adelita Award" will also be honored at the parade and will accompany the King, Queen and royal entourage. You can also look forward to the fabulous floats, gorgeous dancers and marching bands.

The "Adelita Award" will be presented to seven candidates at the Cinco de Mayo Coronation Ball on April 17th at the Fashion Center at 8th and Brannan from 2-6 pm. Valerie Tulier, the festival coordinator for Mission Economic and Cultural Association (MECA), emphasized that the nominees for this award were selected by nontraditional standards. Latinas who work hard behind the scenes, who have disabilities which they have overcome, who have pursued alternative lifestyles or have survived and succeeded despite economic hardships and oppression will



receive this year's award along with Latinas who have become outstanding professionals in their field. The award will be presented to Latinas of all ages and from many representatives of the Bay Area's multinational community. Other events at the Coronation Ball include musical entertainment by El Salsero and Grupo Zavala and traditional dance

performances by Mexico Danza, Ritmos de Mexico and others. And of course, the ball will feature the coronation of the 1994 Cinco de Mayo Rey y Reina.

Marcus Gordon, the parade coordinator, promises that this year's parade will feature many more costumed horses and riders to delight spectators and participants. He also

promises that this year's parade will be highly security-conscious and that there has been good cooperation with the Mission Police Station in planning the event. A special security task force made up of citizens and youths from the Mission will augment and help the police make sure that this year's festivities are safe for everyone. Also don't miss Cesar Chavez at this year's parade! This huge, walking sculpture created by Mondo Jud Hart, a local artist whose studio is on Florida Street, is 12-1/2 feet high and made out of styrofoam and paper with a carved face modeled lovingly after the late labor organizer. A volunteer is needed to walk inside the hollowed-out torso and comrades are needed to walk alongside in support. Call the artist at 647-9504 for details.

The exact lineup and times of the many different musical groups who will be performing almost continuously from the two Cinco de Mayo stages both Saturday and Sunday is not available at press time. Suffice it to say there will be rhythms for everyone. In keeping with this year's theme of honoring the Latina, many women musicians are expected to perform. There will be mariachi bands and musical groups which appeal to youth. There will be guest DJs and music sponsored by KMEL on Sunday at the Larkin Street stage, and KOFY will sponsor music on Saturday. The festival organizers want to emphasize that Cinco de Mayo festivities are a family-oriented event. There will be carnival rides for children and a special children's area set up for play and protection. This year's festival also promises to be more authentic than previous festivals. Seven Mexican artists will be coming to share and sell their work, and more traditional recipes will be featured at the food booths.

Mark your calendars. The 1994 Cinco de Mayo Festival honoring the Latina Woman is a time to set aside differences, remember the past, celebrate the present and rejoice in the spirit of the Bay Area's diverse Latino communities.

This colorful annual event is produced by MECA, who encourages anyone interested in volunteering for any aspect of the cultural extravaganza to call them at 826-1401.

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CHAVEZ BLVD.? NOT YET



by Stett Holbrook

As the first anniversary of Cesar Chavez' death is commemorated this month, debate surrounds the proposal to rename 24th Street "Cesar Chavez Boulevard." While legislation for the name-change has been written, no decisions have been made.

The Department of Public Works is scheduled to survey 24th Street businesses on the issue, but has yet to say when. Once the survey is completed, the matter will go before a Board of Supervisors' committee and then to both the full Board and the Mayor for approval. If the proposal is accepted, 24th Street will go through a five-year transition period to facilitate the name change. During this time, the street will be called both Cesar Chavez Boulevard and 24th Street. After five years, 24th Street will be officially renamed Cesar Chavez Boulevard.

Although many Mission residents seem to favor the plan, the proposal has raised many issues and questions. One often-heard criticism, even from the proposal's supporters,

is how the area to be affected is limited. As it stands, the change would only affect the heavily Latino section of 24th Street between Portrero and Dolores.

Roberto Hernandez, director of the Mission Economic and Cultural Association (MECA), supports the plan but would like to see the entire length of 24th Street renamed, not just the section in the Mission.

"Cesar Chavez helped everyone," he explained, "not just Latinos." In order to forestall opposition to the change, Hernandez favors a compromise in which the street is known as both 24th Street and Cesar Chavez Boulevard, not one or the other. "This way," he stated, "everyone will be happy."

Jennie Rodriguez, president of the 24th Street Merchant's Association, supports the plan as well, but only if the entire street is renamed. She fears that if the street has different names in different neighborhoods, it will further segregate the Mission from more affluent neighborhoods like Noe Valley. This, she said, may lead to the increased "ghettoization" of the Mission. "This kind of divisive-

ness," Rodriguez explained, "is not the best way to honor the life of Cesar Chavez."

Supervisor Bill Maher, sponsor of the proposal and author of the legislation, has said, "Naming the street in his honor is the most powerful way we can say he was important." Some Mission residents, however, see other means of honoring the late labor leader. At a

projected cost of \$5,000, many wonder if naming a street is the best way to remember the life of Chavez when issues such as crime and unemployment continue to plague the area. One attendee at a meeting on the change suggested that the establishment of a community fund may be a better means of honoring Chavez.

SCHOOLS CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

the Quenton Kopp-led San Francisco Taxpayers' Association, is sure to further weaken what polls already see as the bond issue's declining chances of winning the necessary two-thirds voter approval.

A NUMBERS GAME

Had the meeting at Chavez School produced credible information about options for the four schools, it could have prevented this kind of polarization. What ensued was yet another wrangle over fuzzy cost estimates for complex construction projects — not an area where participatory democracy is likely to shine.

The meeting was intended to examine site options proposed by the Ad Hoc Committee on Mission Schools (a group of parents, teachers and school administrators appointed by the S.F. School Board). The Ad Hoc Committee had originally submitted only three options to the School Board for the consideration, leaving the Rojas/tear-down plan out. School Board President Leland Yee stuck it back in and four options went to School District staff and consultants for a few weeks of number-crunching and analysis.

The four options were: the stay-put Plan, the Rojas Plan, a proposal to utilize the Mission Armory, and a consideration of the Best Foods site at 18th and Bryant.

MONEY PITS

The Mission Armory is perhaps one of the most difficult development projects in the Mission, if not the City. Located at 14th and Mission, this former home of the National Guard has frustrated the schemes of con-men, entrepreneurs and citizens groups since it was vacated by the Guard 17 years ago. The building is protected by its National Landmark status from being torn down or having its exterior shell altered. It has problems with lead, motor oil and asbestos contamination that require an undetermined amount of expenditures for cleanup work; and it needs structural repairs due to earthquake damage.

For years this writer sat on the board of the Mission Armory Foundation as plan after plan for development fizzled out, as cost estimates rose and more and more pricey peculiarities of this infuriating property came to light. The community groups comprising the Armory Foundation eventually gave up on the project they had come together to develop. (They also rather absent-mindedly forgot to return the \$1.6 million the City had given them for that purpose, but that's another story.)

The issue at the March 19th meeting was: Should John O'Connell be relocated to the Armory? In the opinion of the School District staff, the project would cost at least \$27.5 million in additional funds, because State earthquake repair funds — about \$25 million available for John O'Connell — cannot be used for renovation projects that exceed 75%

of what it would cost to simply replace a building. Nor can the Landmark-status Armory be torn down. Even if the 75% rule could be gotten around, there's no guarantee the Armory won't swallow the whole enchilada and still have an appetite for more. The building has had such a history in the past; until it gets a lengthy and thorough analysis that produces some hard numbers, people are going to see it as a \$27-million crap-shoot. Martin Del Campo, an architect who gave the presentation on the Armory, admitted "Maybe some of these figures are not correct."

For similar reasons, a review of the Best Foods site, a sprawling block-and-a-half unused industrial locale, did not produce any convincing reason to gamble millions of dollars in public funds. The buildings there have less known horrors than the Armory; but with old industrial sites, there are always unpleasant surprises. Keeping this in mind, School District analysts put a whopping \$17.5-million price tag on the demolition at this site. That and a \$7.8-million acquisition cost left this option over \$18 million short of money. Given these numbers, meeting attendees were immediately suspicious that the deck was being stacked against any alternative to the Rojas plan.

Presented by Rojas employees, the Rojas plan itself, not surprisingly, received the most favorable review; the only downside given was the demolition of perfectly fine schools. The ideas of the man who signs your paycheck always seem pretty darn good. School District representatives passed out documents indicating that all the money for the plan was in place; but when the School District had documented the need for \$95 million in Prop A funds less than two months previously, this same plan had required an additional \$5 million.

It is exactly this kind of numbers-juggling that has infuriated some parents and sparked opposition to the school bond.

The stay-put plan, however, does not require additional funds and, most significantly, has been consistently supported by teachers and parents. It adheres to the simple but elegant logic: If ain't broke, don't fix it.

A LONG AND WINDING ROAD

At its first session after the March 19th meeting, the Ad Hoc Committee decided enough time had been spent on the four options and it was time to move forward. This means parents, teachers and administrators of the affected schools will vote their preference sometime around mid April; present their recommendation to the Building and Grounds Committee of the School Board, which can accept it or reject it; and put out a whole new series of proposals. The B and G Committee decision then goes to the full School Board, which may once again have its own ideas about things. As this process oozes onward, the June election draws nearer and rancor rises.

In San Francisco, it's never really over.

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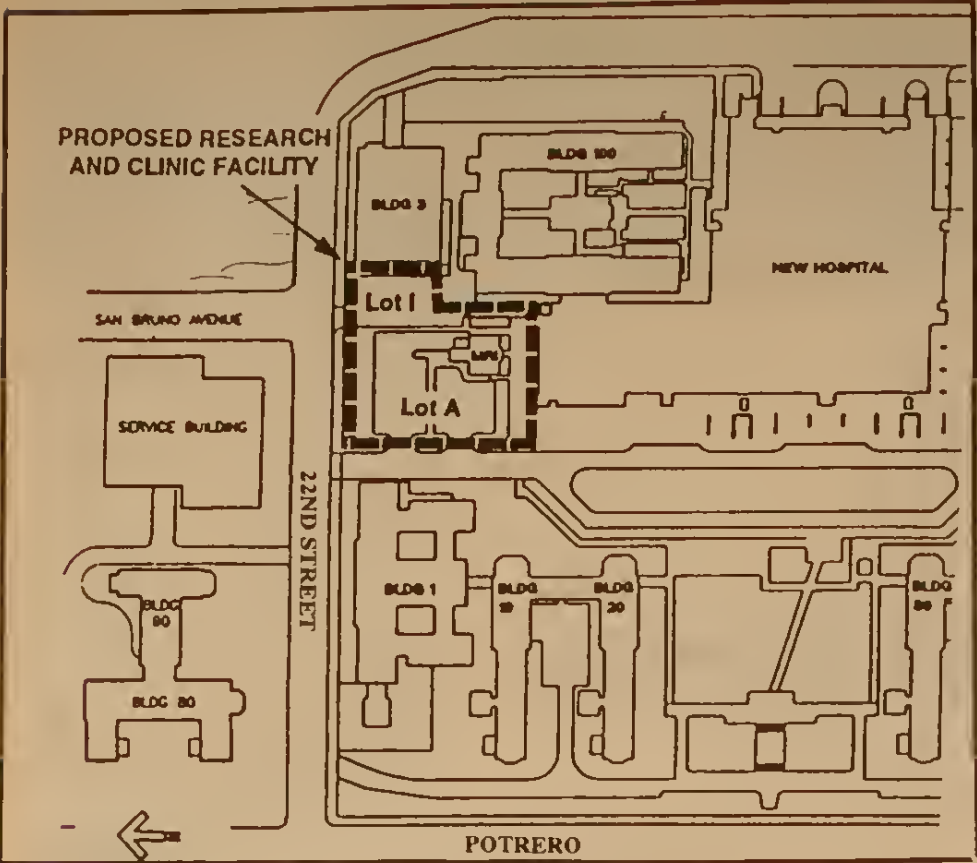
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UCSF CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

hood, SFGH officials — who barred press from the meeting — tried to allay the neighbor's fears about the facility. Many were not convinced. Residents do not oppose medical research outright but want to know the exact nature of the kind of research and experimentation to be done. Officials at UCSF, however, could not specify what programs might be undertaken at the new site.

Allen Long, educational facilities planner at UC, said the facility would most likely be used for molecular biology needs. Susan Fox, news director for UCSF, explained that because no decision has been made on the proposed site, the nature of research remains undefined. "To my knowledge," Fox said, "the exact programs have not been identified." The official in charge of the project at SFGH, Jerome Rankin, could not be reached for comment.

The building proposal has also upset mem-

bers of the 24th Street Revitalization Committee. The group is concerned about parking problems in the area. They were promised by officials from SFGH and UCSF that no further expansion of SFGH would take place until a proposed parking garage was completed. Because the bio-med facility would be built on two existing parking lots, the construction of a new parking garage is seen as important by both the 24th Street group and supporters of the new building. Thus far, construction of the parking structure has not been completed.

The site at SFGH is one of six Bay Area sites selected by UCSF to help provide short-term space shortage relief. UCSF had intended to move some of its research programs to the Laurel Heights research building, but plans have been blocked for nearly seven years by legal challenges from a homeowners' association.

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THE SYSTEM IS NUTS !

by Randy Shaw

Until we change the current system, City code enforcement will continue its descent into lunacy. Witness the City's handling of Maria Rodriguez, whose family has lived at 2934 Folsom Street for 12 years without heat.

Mrs. Rodriguez's landlord was cited by housing inspectors in March 1993 for failing to provide heat. Typically, the complaint was ignored by both the landlord and the Bureau of Building Inspection (BBI). When St. Peter's Housing Committee brought KRON-TV out to the Rodriguezes' cold flat this January, Blaine Brassfield, the City's code enforcement chief, told the media that the Rodriguez case had "fallen between the cracks." Those "cracks" must have approached canyon width, because in the month following widespread media coverage of this case, the Rodriguezes still lacked heat. Nor had their landlord, George Ming, received a criminal citation.

In the wake of continued City inaction, the media was again brought in to publicize the Rodriguezes' plight. A story by Mike Sugarman of KCBS Radio got the ball rolling, and KRON-TV also helped. Carolyn Tyler of KGO-TV, who learned of the Rodriguezes' plight from Sugarman's report, delivered the knockout punch. In the lead story on the February 23 evening news, Tyler and her anchors blasted City officials for failing to enforce heat laws.

In response, Brassfield came up with a new angle on the Rodriguez story for KGO-TV: He now denied the case had "fallen between the cracks," and instead claimed that it had been handled through normal City procedures. In other words, he admitted that it is BBI policy to ignore City heat laws and to refuse to issue criminal citations mandated for "heat cheats."

He also told viewers that the Rodriguezes' heat complaint had received less attention because it was accompanied by 17 other housing code violations. He claimed that had the complaint only involved heat, the process would have moved faster.

It is rare to hear the truth from a public official, and I commend Brassfield for his honesty. Nobody can now dispute that the City encourages landlords to combine heat law violations with other defects. The BBI has conceded that it is standard practice for tenants to wait months and years for heat; tragically, the Rodriguez family is just one of hundreds, if not thousands.

The BBI's almost criminal negligence in enforcing heat laws led many to hope City



Attorney Louise Renne would pick up the slack. On February 4, she met with the Coalition for Code Enforcement and expressed willingness to assist enforcement of heat laws. One of the meeting's major issues was heat cheats' ability to evade the mandatory fine of \$500. Since the City Attorney's office only receives cases that are not abated after several months, landlords who fail to provide heat for a full winter can then correct the violation and avoid penalties. The Coalition asked Renne to seek damages against long-term violators even after heat was restored. Renne expressed concern that a strong message be sent to long-term heat cheats, and she and her staff proposed to work with BBI to obtain the case files of all such violators.

The Coalition had briefed Renne's staff prior to this meeting and hoped to make it easy for her to exercise leadership on the heat enforcement issue. Members left the meeting believing that Renne would move publicly and aggressively against heat cheats. They had given the City Attorney, an avid golfer, the political equivalent of a one-foot putt to win the Masters.

So much for expectations. The Coalition's next meeting with Renne, on March 11, was a

tremendous disappointment. It was as if she had not simply missed the "one-foot gimme" they had given her; she had simply walked off the course without attempting the putt. She had had nearly two months before the second meeting to file suits against several blatant heat law violators (most from the Mission). By March 11, only two suits had been filed: the Rodriguez case and a case unrelated to lack of heat filed last November. Neither Renne nor any of the five deputy City attorneys present explained why the majority of clear-cut heat cases were not being prosecuted. Renne attempted to sidestep her office's failure to file heat lawsuits by repeatedly emphasizing that circumstances beyond the landlord's control could be responsible for the absence of heat. Her emphasis on this obvious point was surprising, since none of these cases involved only short-term heat problems promptly corrected by the landlord. As St. Peter's Housing Committee Director Neli Palma pointed out, tenants who see their landlord attempting in good faith to solve heat problems do not request visits by City inspectors.

Renne's code enforcement chief attempted to justify the failure to file more suits by claiming that the problem in heat cases was proving "intent." The City's heat law, however, expressly presumes a violation upon the landlord's failure to correct the problem within the time stated in the notice. Since all of the cases forwarded to the City Attorney involved the landlord's failure to provide heat long after the notice had expired, proving "intent" is a non-issue. Nor is proving "intent" an obstacle in cases brought under the state unfair business statute, since a landlord who takes no action after receiving a citation for lack of heat has clearly engaged in a knowing and intentional violation of the law.

Renne and her staff were clearly surprised at the anger expressed at the meeting. Presumably, the City Attorney's office thought that Coalition members would be gratified to

have a "working relationship" with code enforcement attorneys. In fact, members are tired of talk and were greatly disappointed by the City Attorney's lack of action.

Renne recognized midway through the meeting that she had upset the Coalition, and she offered both to reexamine other heat-cheat cases for potential lawsuits and to schedule another meeting. The Coalition decided that tenants needed action, not more meetings, and will assess her performance accordingly. It is not too late for the City Attorney's office to go after longtime heat law violators, so the ball remains in Renne's court.

On another code enforcement front, the newly created "Code Enforcement Task Force" has continued to meet. Although the year is young, this Task Force is a sure nominee for the biggest waste of taxpayer money in 1994. The purpose of the Task Force is to submit a report to the Board of Supervisors on how to speed up code enforcement. The Board, however, has no jurisdiction over code enforcement procedures.

City bureaucrats who currently control code enforcement could speed up the process tomorrow if they wanted; instead, they have vigorously opposed every Coalition proposal to expedite the process. The notion that the Board of Supervisors' approval is somehow necessary for better code enforcement is pure fraud. Since the Task Force is led by and heavily composed of high-level City employees, taxpayers are subsidizing this exercise in nonsense.

At our expense, Task Force chief Vitaly Troyan has created such documents as a "complaint priority response matrix," the clarity of which rivals that of Wrong Way Colonel Peachfuzz of the Rocky and Bullwinkle Show. Under Troyan's elaborate scoring system, each violation of the housing code is given a point total based on the nature of the problem, the identity of the complainant, and the number of persons likely to be affected. As the City's former chief engineer and a veteran of military intelligence, Troyan can be trusted to transform the simple process of housing code enforcement into a complex geometric theorem.

Randy Shaw is the executive director of the Tenderloin Neighborhood Housing Clinic.

END THE MADNESS

Petitions have hit the streets to place a Charter Amendment on the November ballot that will ensure public control over housing code enforcement. The Charter Amendment is sponsored by such groups as the Tenderloin Housing Clinic and San Francisco Tenants Union, as well as the San Francisco Apartment Association, and Residential Builders Association. We need 65,000 signatures by July 23 to qualify for the ballot, so it is essential for everyone concerned about improving code enforcement to lend a hand. People wanting to help gather signatures should call 771-9850.

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by andy solow

The Square Deal Disaster: Soccer Wars Continue

After more than two hours of rancorous public testimony at the 11th Dolores Park Soccer Field hearing (March 2, 1994), Recreation and Parks Department Staff Planner Joanne Wilson announced that "staff" had decided before the meeting that the soccer field would be 210' x 210' square and that field lines would be prohibited. Wilson admitted that Rec & Park had not consulted with any soccer experts before reaching this decision.

Even sports morons know that soccer fields are rectangular, not square. Even sports morons know that field lines are an integral part of field sports, including tennis, baseball, football and soccer.

If the appearance of field lines is so objectionable, why did the Rec & Park line this portion of the Park as a practice football/baseball field until two years ago? If pristine appearances are so important, maybe we should paint out the lines in the tennis court and ban human beings from Dolores Park unless they are disguised as "native plants".

If San Francisco builds a square soccer field with no field lines in Dolores Park, the international attention focused on the Bay area by the 1994 World Cup will make our City the laughing stock of the entire world for years to come.

We can only hope that sanity will prevail and that Rec & Park will do the right thing and approve the construction of the 180' x 270' soccer field that our youth need and deserve.

Rocket Science

So why would the experts who run the Recreation & Parks Department propose to spend \$300,000 to build a square soccer field with no field lines?

Almost two years ago, the Dolores Park Coalition and the Mission Youth Soccer League submitted Open Space proposals asking for the development of a soccer field in Dolores Park. These proposals were instantly met with strident opposition, not from the community but from Rec & Park Department Staff and a few "Natural Area," "Native Plant," and "Open Space" advocates. In fact, when Eileen Gold presented the proposal to the Open Space Committee, planner Wilson publicly denigrated it and attributed the more than 100 supporting signatures to me instead of Gold.

Instead of working with the community to develop a balanced proposal, Wilson then proceeded to use City money and staff time to make a biased video presentation opposing the field. In spite of this behavior and her continuing personal and public opposition to the soccer field, she was left in charge of the project through March of this year.

The deceptive nature of this corrupt process was most recently exemplified by Wilson's false representations and Rec & Park general manager Mary Burn's response to the public testimony from the December 1993 Dolores Park Soccer hearing. The overwhelming majority of the people present at the December hearing supported a "playable" rectangular soccer field 180' x 270' for children and youth. A vocal minority, primarily from the Dolores Heights Neighborhood Improve-

ment Association and the Mime Troupe, testified that they were opposed to any soccer field of any size for Dolores Park. Rec & Park nonetheless represented the opposition testimony to be the majority view. Based on that misrepresentation and a letter of complaint from the Dolores Heights Neighborhood Improvement Association, Burns decided to change the Dolores Park Soccer Field into a tiny, square field with no lines.

At the March hearing, Rec & Park assistant general manager Phil Arnold tried to cover for Burns, claiming that Burns knew nothing about the Dolores Park Soccer Field issue and had no involvement with it. But the bottom line is that Wilson and Arnold both work for Burns, and no matter who is actually in control, the ultimate responsibility for this tortuous, underhanded, interminable process rests squarely on the shoulders of the General Manager of the S.F. Recreation and Parks Department. Mary Burns is responsible, period.

Dolores Park Soccer Field Facts

\$300,000 in 1993-1994 (from 1992-1993) Open Space money has been allocated for the development of a soccer field in Dolores Park with the following stipulations: "The field shall have no fencing, no concrete retaining walls, no lighting and no bleachers."

The size and configuration of the field were not specified either by the joint Rec & Park/City Planning Commission or the Board of Supervisors. The project is now in the "design" phase.

Final say on the design specifications for this project rests with the Rec & Park Commission. This issue will not return to the Board of Supervisors unless a new Board resolution is introduced.

The portion of the park in question (bounded by the tennis courts, 19th, Church and Dolores Streets) was previously used extensively as an athletic field. Rec & Park staff from Eureka Valley Playground used to line

out the field for baseball and football on a regular basis.

This same portion of Dolores Park was also previously used as a graveyard by Congregation Emmanuel. At least 1,636 corpses were exhumed from it between 1889 and 1904. There are no Native American remains buried in Dolores Park.

The current community-based proposal would change the grade slope in a 210' x 270' section of Dolores Park (immediately adjacent to the tennis courts) from 5% to 3%, a net change in elevation of 4' in 300. This could easily be done by "cut and fill" (earth moving). If this plan is carried out, a 185' x 300' open space will be left between the end of the field and Dolores St.

A 210' x 270' area could accommodate a single practice field 180' x 260', with room to vary the placement of the sidelines and goals to minimize excessive wear. A 210' x 270' area could also accommodate two half-fields 120' x 180' for use by under-8- and under-10-year-olds.

The minimum dimensions of a regulation soccer field are 200' x 300', but a regulation field is not necessary for youth.

There are over 4,000 youths attending the middle schools, high schools and parochial schools in the area immediately adjacent to Dolores Park. These include: Mission High School, Everett Middle School, Horace Mann Middle School, James Lick Middle School, Mission Dolores School and St. Charles School. These youths are currently commuting to Beach Chalet (at the beach) to practice and play soccer.

The supporters of the Dolores Park Soccer Field include: Mayor Frank Jordan; Supervisor Susan Leal and the majority of the Board; the S.F. Board of Education; Chief of Police Anthony Ribera and the S.F. Police Commission; Mission High School; Everett, Horace Mann, & James Lick Middle Schools; Mission Dolores and St. Charles Parochial Schools; and the Ohlone people.

The twelfth public hearing about the Dolores Park soccer field will be held Tuesday, April 5th at 4:00 pm at McLaren Lodge.

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the Grassroots report

By: D. Michael Spero

VPI: GANGBUSTERS

Everyone talks about gang violence in the Mission, but Los Veteranos do something about it. The Veteranos, a group of ex-gang members, most with prison records, prowl Mission streets two or three nights a week; but they're not looking for trouble. They're looking to keep kids out of trouble, encouraging them to avoid crime and drugs and to get their lives on track.

"We've been through what the [gang members] are going through," says Danny Vargas, the most veteran of the Veterans. "If we're really out of the gang life, we get their respect. We take the young people out to dinner, talk to them. If you ask them, they'll tell you, 'I want to be in school,' or 'I want to get a job.'"

The kids listen, but many feel trapped in gang life. "They keep asking, 'What else am I going to do?'" says Vargas. "We need more help from the community. Let's get them jobs. Doesn't have to be a \$20,000 a year; let's put them to work anywhere they can. The gang thing will be there until we get some community support."

Support is coming from the Violence Prevention Initiative (VPI) a coalition of activists and social service providers founded last year to save Mission youth from violence. Begun by the Real Alternatives Project (RAP) and the Central American Refugee Center, VPI has pulled together dozens of social-work, educational and advocacy groups, and government agencies. Organizers from RAP and VPI have taken to the streets with Los Veteranos. VPI has hired 10 young people and is pushing public institutions and private business to do the same.

"We're talking to the Private Industry Council and the School District," says Mitch Salazar, VPI coordinator. "The Hispanic Chamber of Commerce will soon hold their first-ever youth employment fair. The youth need educational and recreational opportunities as well as employment. That's why VPI is being so inclusive. We want to provide a continuum of service."

Center of Attention

VPI is probably as well known at City Hall as on 24th Street. School Superintendent Bill Rojas and Police Commander Diarmid Philpott attend Steering Committee meetings. A VPI delegation met with Hillary Clinton and officials of the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services last month. City agencies have loaned staff to the Initiative. "We're attracting a lot of attention," says Salazar. "We're probably the only community in America with such a comprehensive effort to stop violence."

I found out how much attention VPI gets when I went to see Salazar at his office in the RAP school building on Bryant near Army. During a 12-minute interview, the receptionist came in twice with phone messages; Salazar's beeper went off a couple of times; and Dave Aldape of Alianza asked to speak with him. And this was at 8:30 in the morning! Salazar showed me a wad of pink phone messages ("While you were out...") thick enough to wallpaper the room.

VPI is funded by a grant from the California Wellness Foundation. Salazar, William

Hernandez of the Refugee Center, Joanna Uribe and other VPIers recently submitted to Wellness a four-year grant proposal at \$175,000 per year, which they will probably get. Violence is the hot issue in public health right now.

Salazar hopes to leverage the Wellness money with other grants and government support. According to the grant proposal, the money will support teams of youth and adult organizers; cluster-groups of residents; efforts by community organizations and City department heads to change City policies; advocacy by the media to change the Mission's image; and ongoing youth and all-community summit meetings.

The VPI Steering Committee includes youth and parents; leaders of a zillion community-based organizations and government offices; and representatives from S.F. State, UCSF and the United Way. They've written policy goals for improving schools, reforming the juvenile justice system, developing economic opportunity, and controlling guns, among other things.

The most recent youth summit held March 5 at Horace Mann School drew 200 participants, who discussed issues of drugs, sex, violence, education and employment. Adults over age 24 were banished to the first floor and fed burritos while youth groups took over the

second-floor classrooms to share experiences and make plans. Group leadership was provided mostly by articulate S.F. State students and other dedicated young Latinos.

What You Can Do

VPI's global approach guarantees that things will happen slowly. Don't expect them to bring community peace any time soon. Meanwhile, everyone can help prevent youth violence. "There's nothing better than going out and talking to kids one-on-one," says Danny Vargas. "Ask them if they've had anything to eat, ask them how they're doing."

Mitch Salazar agrees. "We're asking people to work with the kids that are around them. Don't be afraid of the kids on your corner. Let them know they're part of a community. Encourage them to go to school."

For everyone on and around the street, though, the talk keeps coming back to jobs. "A job is money and self-esteem," says Vargas. "It's self-esteem. It moves you away from the gang. Anyone in the community who hires even one kid is doing a lot to stop gang violence."

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SNAP SHOTS

By Robin Snyderman

as inspired by Snap the Wonder Dog

Last month, Mayor Jordan and President of the Board of Supervisors Angela Alioto each published a multi-page plan for responding to homelessness in San Francisco. No, they didn't work together on a single, coordinated effort. To the contrary, they worked independently (some say in spite) of each other.

Both new plans recognize that housing opportunities for homeless people are . . . scarce. The City is losing out on federal funds because it lacks a comprehensive program — what the people in Washington call a continuum of care — from outreach to emergency services to permanent, affordable, supportive housing. Both plans walk the reader through such services, existing and proposed — pointing out potential funding sources and philosophical merits. But the inability of the Mayor and the Supervisors to work together, let alone with other committed community groups, is a poor indicator of genuine or stable policy making. The highly politicized Matrix Program, of course, was a focal point of each paper — the Mayor's extolling it and the Board President's admonishing it.

IT TOOK A DOG'S AGE

Meanwhile, the same week these documents were released, a new Board of Supervisors' Task Force on Homelessness met for the first time. Why? Because in 1992, the Coalition on Homelessness was frustrated at the number of intelligent housing documents and service plans gathering dust on bookshelves throughout the City. They lobbied to create a nontraditional advisory body (this Task Force) comprised of individuals appointed not by the Mayor or the Board of Supervisors but by agencies and advocates working in the field: service provider associations, affordable housing coalitions, homeless people, business groups. Because too many important policy decisions are dreamed up for political gain and not practical implementation, this Task Force was conceived as a reality check: No more dusty documents and dead trees. Just hard work and collaboration.

This idea did not win much political support, as evidenced by its two-year trek through City Hall. But okay; it was legislated. There are now some 20 individuals representing dozens of groups and decades of experience, poised to pool ideas, improve partnerships and get to work. Maybe Task Force members will review the two new plans in a meaningful way (though neither the Mayor nor the Board President has asked). Maybe Task Force members will just organize a riot. Who knows?

MUZZLED

The day the Task Force first met, it received bad news. On one hand, the Mayor's plan touts his Interdepartmental Work Group on Federal Funding, which set aside a \$3 million pool of local service money to better leverage federal housing funds. Then, when many federal funds proved unavailable, the line item on the budget for housing services suddenly disappeared. A previously approved rehab project on 6th street, which was to provide housing and support services to formerly

homeless individuals, was sabotaged. The developer, who had secured millions of dollars to finance acquisition and renovation, only needed \$163,000 in service money from the City. But after months of negotiations and assurances, this money was not available.

In the same weeks, the Mayor joined private property owners in challenging the City's wise Residential Hotel Conversion Ordinance — a case that itself could have covered the cost of services for the 6th Street project. The ordinance recognizes that not all hotel owners are committed to addressing the needs of formerly homeless people, and set up a mechanism accordingly: Those who choose to convert their buildings for tourist use, rather than serve their low-income tenants, must compensate for this choice with an ample contribution to the Affordable Housing Trust.

The Trust enables experienced housing developers to focus on the demanding task at hand and to create stable communities for the increasing number of low-income San Franciscans who, without such concentrated efforts, will dwell in the streets.

WIENER HEADEDNESS

The Mayor's wish to overturn this ordinance is mind-boggling, especially since his new plan for the homeless documents his desire to improve and increase affordable housing stock. Such inconsistencies (insincerities?) result in frustration peaking throughout the City. Everybody's looking for the bad guy: Activists blame politicians and vice versa. Those with homes target the homeless and vice versa. The list goes on, the prejudices run deep and no solutions are on the horizon.

DOG DAYS

The subject of homelessness is hot one in San Francisco, and too many of us are acclimating to the heat. The plans and the politics and the semantics are numbing. "The homeless" is as nondescript a term as "the housed"; but we use it over and over again to distinguish, define and ultimately isolate and

degrade.

One person I know, for example, went to an Ivy League University in her parents' home town and earned a degree. Upon graduation, she secured a reputable job and a livable wage. She witnessed corruption at the office, boldly confronted her supervisor and was promptly fired. She wanted to fight, but fright and youth and shock inhibited her. Her parents thought she behaved imprudently, and urged her to hurry forward along the career path.

She grew depressed. Her therapist thought medication might help. But the prescription exacerbated her moods, and, by the time the problem was discovered and resolved, she had already been out on the streets for months, or was it years.

She wanted a fresh start. Without the support of family or friends, she came to San Francisco, accessed social services and supportive, affordable housing — and cultivated an admirable niche. Her stories and memories are powerful. She gives wise advice and a warm ear to her new friends and neighbors. But she worries about how to characterize the homeless days on her resume. The stigmas and stereotypes are at times debilitating, even with her own family.

This fine individual, like many who experienced homelessness, at first had little trust for her peers. She too harbored the stigmas and the stereotypes, but this changed with time and knowledge.

LEADERS OF THE PACK

The new Homeless Plans pay tremendous lip service to the need for collaboration. But community-building is perhaps harder with our City's leadership than it is with our homeless neighbors.

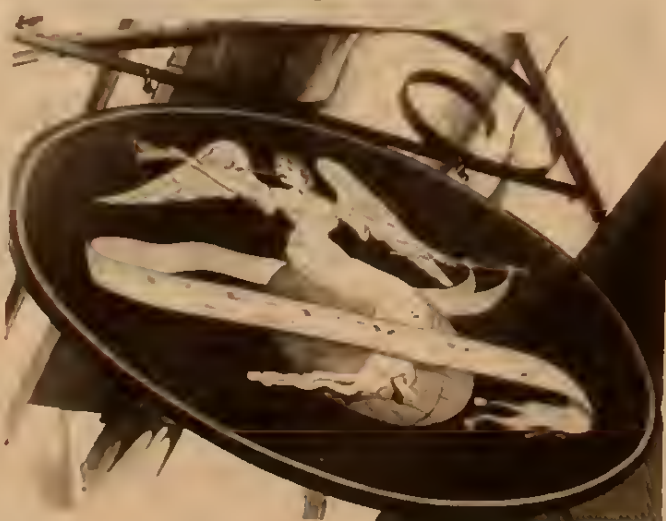
Several local housing communities demonstrate that — when given the chance — formerly homeless people can create stable partnerships with each other, building staff and neighbors. However, until our City's leaders build such partnerships with each other and with committed community groups, housing opportunities for homeless people will continue to be . . . scarce.

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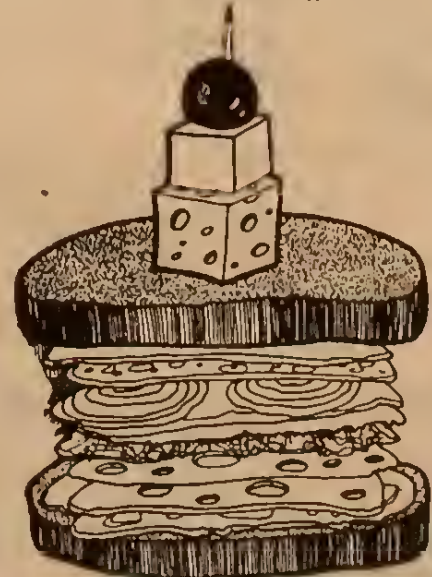
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LAUGHTER IN HELL

CHARLES BUKOWSKI IS DEAD

By Harold Norse

A long time ago when I was a boy reporter on the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, I covered high-school sports and local police blotter assignments. My editor, a red-faced, red-haired, whiskey-soaked Irishman called Red Smith, didn't say much and I didn't know that he was already a legend for his hard-edged, gut-level style.

When asked if writing was difficult, he replied, "Writing is easy. There's nothing to it. You just sit at a typewriter and open a vein."

This, he said, was all you needed to know about writing. I was 15 and never forgot it.

I don't know anyone in my generation except William Burroughs, in a more intricate, complex way, who exemplified this better than Charles Bukowski. He was the only writer I knew who had the raw personal voice, the visceral punch. He had it in his poetry, his novels, and short stories. He had it in his letters. And he, too, was writing about sports: Bukowski against the World. The game was deadly serious, but he made black humor out of it.

His life was a film noir, lived mostly in sleazy dives on skid row, where he drank himself into a stupor. He was a sloppy drunk, a boaster, an exhibitionist. He opened his veins freely and spilled blood and gore on everything: manuscripts, messy rooms, friends. Committing suicide was his myth and he milked it dry, hanging in until age 73. Another myth was his scarred pusular face, which he claimed was clawed by jealous women. But it was actually one of the worst cases of acne in medical history. It scarred not only his face but also his personality.

When drunk, which was after 5 p.m., he sneered, snarled, bellowed, swore, and insulted everybody. But he had the gift of language and laughter, and his rowdy sense of humor saved him from being a total monster. And he could be gentle, even human at times — that is, until 5 p.m., when he hit the bottle and became Mr. Hyde. When he was good, he was very very good, but when he was bad, he was a sonofabitch.

He wrote all day, every day, and then got drunk. Was he a great writer? He was uneven

and repeated himself. Much of his work is bad, imitation Bukowski. But his style was unique, he was a true original. His best poetry appeared in the 1960s "little magazines" with names like *The Outsider*, *Wormwood Review*, *Laugh Literary* and *Man the Humping Guns* (which he edited with Neeli Cherkovski, his future biographer — I was contributing editor).

We had corresponded for years when I was living at the Beat Hotel in Paris with William

taught me something about corporate publishers, though: They keep your money.

Like Raymond Chandler and James M. Cain, Bukowski's hard-hitting visceral style, plain and unadorned — not in a wide range of feeling, for sure — reached those dark areas where frustration and despair predominate. His world — of barflies, derelicts, whores, jailbirds, gamblers, racetrack touts, all the chronically poor victims and losers — had a direct appeal to a large audience that cut across social

He drove a BMW with a big cigar in his mouth, like the characters he had satirized and detested. But this had always been his goal, to beat the odds. Miraculously, he did, on his own terms.

He probably wrote too much, but what the hell. He always went to extremes. He gave us the underbelly of America with a realism few could equal. From the dirt he made live poetry.

Was he, is he, immortal? If I could answer that I'd be the man — or woman — upstairs. I don't think he was in the same class as William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, or Jack Kerouac. Their influence was across-the-board, social, political, cultural. Without them, generations of young people might never have been liberated from the uptight, rigid conformism of the '50s. The Beat Generation, that led to the psychedelic and hippie counterculture, was a revolution that changed the world. All Bukowski changed was his bank account.

That's no small thing, but it's different from expansion of consciousness. Without Kerouac, Bukowski might not have been the writer he was. Kerouac showed the way and Bukowski implies as much. His writings indicate that he hero-worshiped Kerouac.

As a rebel, Bukowski had what it took to deal with drifters and drunks, the outcast, the disempowered. He had a perfect ear for dialogue, for the spoken word. He was totally free and inventive in language. He didn't learn it in college creative writing classes. He learned it in the streets and in the bars.

In his drunken delirium he howled like a madman with hatred and bitterness, but when sober he used his keen, shrewd mind and genius to transform his hellish existence through writing. His laughter in hell made him unique. He's probably laughing there now.

Harold Norse is an internationally known poet whose autobiography, *Memoirs of a Bastard Angel* (William Morrow & Co.), appeared in four countries. A New Yorker, he lived in Europe and North Africa for 15 years, then repatriated in Venice, California in 1968 where he got to know the young Arnold Schwarzenegger and the boozy Bukowski. He lives in San Francisco.



Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, and Gregory Corso. My poetry was appearing in Grove Press' *Evergreen Review* when, in 1968, Penguin Books asked for a selection. They gave me the option to choose the other two poets for the three-poet volume in their annual *Modern Poets Series* (the preceding volume was Ginsberg, Corso, and Ferlinghetti). I selected 50 pages of Bukowski's poems, 50 of Philip Lamantia's, and 50 of mine. It sold 25,000 copies all over the English-speaking world. We each received \$8.76 in royalties. But it gave Bukowski his first international reputation. It didn't hurt mine, either. It

lines, from the educated professional to the man and woman on the street.

It was not his poetry as much as his stories, *Notes of a Dirty Old Man* and *Tales of Ordinary Madness*, followed by his novels, that gained him wide counterculture fame. But it was his successful movie, *Barfly*, about his alcoholic life as a young man, for which he wrote the screenplay, that catapulted his career into the mass market. He became a star and millionaire. At last he succeeded in transforming the desperate lowlife world, that he had moaned and groaned and griped about, to his advantage.

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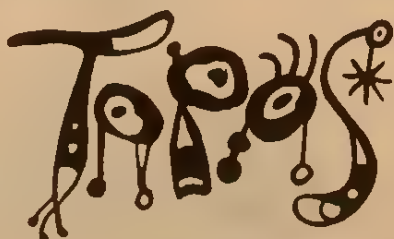
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ART IN THE ALLEY

by Murray Paskin

The smart money holds that trying to stamp out evil is a losing proposition. Transformation, not obliteration, is the name of the game. A case in point is Clarion Alley, a narrow corridor of residences, garages and backs of industrial-type businesses, that runs from Valencia to Mission street between 17th and 18th. It also doubles as a junkies' shooting gallery and haven for hookers and johns doing quickies in dark corners, with human feces and urine all over and frequent eruptions of violence.

Enter the Clarion Alley Mural Project (CAMP). As reported in the March 1993 edition of the New Mission News, these idealists are attempting to turn this hell-hole around by drenching it in color and painting pictures of what's happening in this neighborhood. CAMP's goal is to cover the alley with 40 murals over a three-year period, the most ambitious undertaking of its kind San Francisco has seen. Although only halfway done, with some of the murals not yet finished, the alley is already taking on a glow it hasn't had before.

World-famous Balmy Alley (24th street and Harrison), whose murals are predominantly Latino oriented, serves as a model for CAMP. But CAMP's emphasis differs, as it is characterized by diversity in both style and content. At Clarion, Latino themes exist side by side with cosmic fantasy, mythic idealism, urban and domestic violence, spray-can painting, women's issues, and other bits and pieces that defy categorization.

Rigo, a CAMP coordinator in charge of organizing the artists, talks about the variety: "We prefer contrasting approaches, generational or otherwise. Those differences more accurately reflect this neighborhood."

Sebastiana Pastor's painting of domestic violence provides an interesting contrast to nearby spray-can mural by Barry McGee, popularly known as "Twist" and hailed as that genre's foremost practitioner. Where Pastor's style is deliberate and concentrated, Twist's cartoon-like inner city images — policeman's head, pistol, blackjack, hip-hop rapper type — bop all over the place in flashes, to a pop music beat. Their anarchic arrangement and bal-

loon-like fullness give them an archetypal quality, and what at first seems playful grows menacing as you continue looking.

The influence of Picasso's "Guernica" runs through a rousing, emotion-filled social protest scene by Chuy Campusano, one of the Mission's foremost muralists. It stands next to Jesus Angel Perez's more cerebral Andy Warhol/'60s pop-art style silkscreen collage. Although revolutionary politics link them, no artistic traditions could be further apart. Yet, in a strange way, the collage complements

ground into the murals brings a unique beauty to the alley. The murals are not so much paintings imposed on walls or doors as qualities intrinsic to those walls and doors, arising out of them, so to speak. They also work the opposite way, bringing out the beauty and texture in the structural elements of the cityscape.

Chuy Campusano's mural, the most dramatic use of a background, incorporates the fence on which it is painted into the picture's narrative. It now suggests an enforced enclosure out of which the characters of

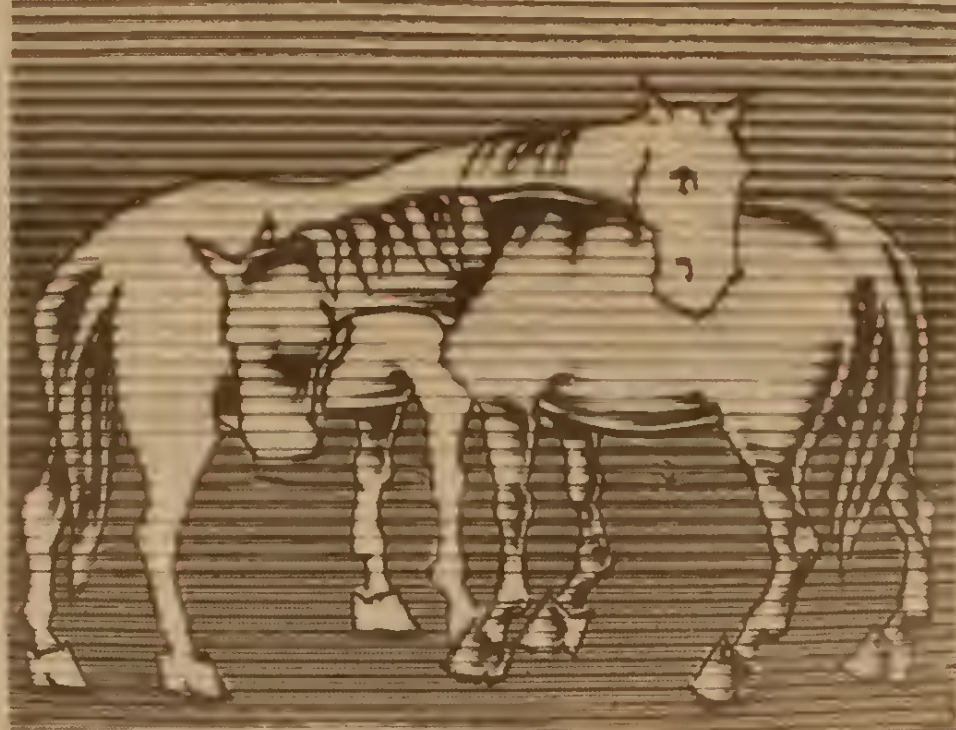


Photo by Eugene Kettner

rather than challenges Campusano's more traditional mural style.

CAMP's love of contrast sometimes takes humorous turns. In the midst of some of the alley's more esoteric work, an underground-comic style cartoon by Keith Knight, centering on a yuppie shlep transformed into super-hero "Mission Man," appears. He roams the neighborhood armed with his "trusty burrito" in one hand and a copy of the New Mission News, headlining CAMP, in the other.

The incorporation of the physical back-

the painting threaten to explode, and the barbed wire on top reminds one of a prison compound or concentration camp.

Spray-can artist Spie's Northwest Indian totem bird is painted on a pull-down iron slatted industrial door, which gives the image a textured three-dimensional quality, and the red brick wall that surrounds the door shares a raw earthiness with the bird. It looks right at home there.

Though CAMP is pleased with its progress so far, caution colors Rigo's optimism. "We're

starting into our second year, and that will be the real test. Can we keep the momentum going after a winter break? Can we be consistent? Keeping the artists engaged is an ongoing affair, and phone calls urging them to finish their work are frequent. They are romantic about mural painting and often unaware of the formidable obstacles the alley presents. Working amidst shit, trash, condoms can be depressing. Then after discontinuing because of cold and wet weather, they return to find their murals defaced and have to redo parts. Plus, they aren't getting paid."

Michael O'Connor, another coordinator talks about CAMP's outreach efforts. "We were taken aback by the lack of interest and mistrust. You have to remember, this is a pretty bleak alleyway. The businesses and property owners were indifferent and getting permission from landlords, who live far away and often make themselves inaccessible, to paint on residences became as ongoing a task as the project itself."

But their persistence paid off. As the first murals went up, residents and business owners were impressed by the skill and artistry they saw. "They realized that we were not just a bunch of crazies throwing paint around, and attitudes began to change." During an early phase of work, some residents got together to clean up the alley. At the same time, businesses grew enthusiastic about having murals painted on their walls or doors. "In our next outreach phase, we plan to ask residents what kind of content they would like to see in the murals."

Plans go beyond the murals themselves. They also include a maintenance program for repair and preservation, a periodic alley cleaning, more lighting at night for security, and painting the areas surrounding the murals to create a "frame" for them. In addition, some walls will be completely taken up with poetry. Says Rigo: "All this will bring the whole thing together and create better conditions for viewing the murals."

Religious traditions have always pointed to the worst degradation as being the most fertile ground for enlightenment. Those teachings become relevant and alive when seen in the context of a Clarion Alley.

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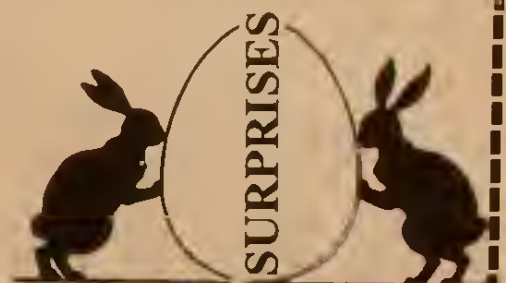
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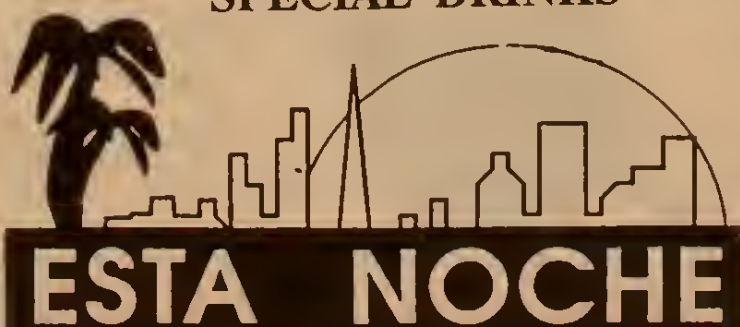
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INTENSE VISION

by Victor Miller

Artist Daphne Scholinski has been extremely busy in 1994. After an exhibition of her work at Cafe La Boheme earlier in the year, she made a quick trip to the East Coast for a second solo show at Big Bar in New York City.

She returned to San Francisco, where she has made her home for the last three months, just in time to set up two simultaneous exhibits, now on view at the Falling Dog Cafe on 20th Street and at the Club Cafe just around the corner on Valencia.

The 27-year-old Scholinski could easily fill the rest of the neighborhood's numerous

cafes/galleries with selections from her 3000-plus paintings, drawings and woodcuts, which now take up a good deal of living space in her Mission District apartment. Of course, that would mean taking time away from her sign-painting enterprise with local businesses, the private art classes she teaches and her part-time job at the Falling Dog Cafe.

In a corollary statement to a 1993 show, also submitted as part of her thesis for a MFA Degree from the Pratt Institute in New York, Scholinski says, "My purpose is to encourage the sympathetic indulgence of the emotions which most are ashamed to give way to in their own lives." The "Room With A View" show at the Falling Dog lives up to this. The title series of paintings consists of a number of distorted perspectives of an asylum-like windowless room with a single human figure, whose tortured musculature and various contorted postures force to mind excruciating emotional extremes. Titles such as "Blinded" and "Losing My Mind" hammer this point home.

On the other side of the Cafe is the "Crime Scene Series," freehand sketches on mylar of the locations of violent crime in New York City. Although Scholinski explained to me more than once that these were not photographs but drawings, I kept making that mistake. The illusion that the series is composed of grainy newspaper photos is almost impossible to shake, which says a lot about Scholinski's technical excellence. The artist visited the sites of rapes, murders, child abuse and muggings in NYC and created these gritty

and texturally rich drawings of buildings, alleyways, streets and parks, as "a monument to the forgotten victims of violent crime". The viewer is left to conjure up in his or her own mind details of the mayhem that occurred at a particular locale; the air of brooding menace in these drawings certainly helps one along in that regard. All the scenes are outdoors and, with one or two exceptions, contain no human presence.

The "Room" and "Crime" series are both emotionally gripping, but as a result of two diametrically opposed methods, providing an intriguing symmetry to the overall exhibition.

The paintings and drawings at the Club Cafe are more of a mixed bag. Two parody pieces on the "Got Milk?" promotional campaign provide the title for this show, but there is a wider range of images on the walls, in a variety of styles and media.

Of her working process Scholinski has written: "A white vacuum; blank, hypnotic. I cannot even pull my eyes from the paper. I sit and stare, it is a sort of foreplay. After a while I can not take it any longer, and I attack the image that my mind has relocated from my past — onto the surface."

For art with visceral punch, check out these two shows.

The Falling Dog Cafe is located at 3591 20th St., near Valencia. The Club Cafe is at 920 Valencia St. between 20th and 21st.



Self portrait by Daphne Scholinski, on view at the Club Cafe.

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ARTS AND LETTERS

THE FOLLOWING WORKS ARE EXPRESSIONS ON THE THEME OF "STREETS"



SPLEEN AND IDEAL ON WOODWARD STREET

I've never seen a street so dirty as the one on which I live. People come from miles around to leave their used motor oil on Woodward Street. Dirty rotting mattresses make ideal piles for children's games of king of the mountain. Broken toys, broken chairs, the engine cases of an old Plymouth, a stolen stripped bicycle frame, and a pair of broken roller skates can all be found in a pile not too far from our doorway. The pile is in a constant state of evolution. As old junk eventually gets removed, new junk mysteriously appears daily.

One man gathers what another man spills on Woodward Street. Our house is furnished courtesy of Woodward Street. The old photo albums left on our street are always good for hours of voyeuristic fascination. I collect them.

I have observed the transvestite from the halfway house across the street come and go for several months now. He always seems to wear the same red vest and faded designer jeans, both a size too small. It's his walk that gives him away.

The cholo with the fuschia sparkle-finish Cutlass always gets the finest babes to ride in his car. Everyone knows not to park in his spot. I find it amusing how he is much too cool to acknowledge the hipster bebop junkies who live on our street, making them seem awkward and contrived in character.

One day I was confronted by an oil drum filled to the top with used motor oil on the sidewalk near our doorway. It is not every neighborhood where someone could furtively drop off such an obtrusive and toxin-filled container. Poor Woodward Street, unique and special as it is, it takes so much abuse, carrying on its back the burden of a thousand oil changes.

Our street is a constant reminder of the equalizing nature of the drug trade. One day I saw two white guys in suits engaging in a crack purchase from the window of the BMW. It was like a bad made-for-t.v. movie.

Our kittycat Jezebel was born on Woodward Street. She used to saunter about, streetwise and savvy, queen of the street. Since she has had kittens she mostly stays inside and eats and sleeps. There are many wild cats in the street, rail-thin and mangy, darting under cars. One snuck into the house and was eating out of Jezebel's food bowl when it received a bullet in the head from my roommate's shotgun. He justified the killing as a euthanistic act to control the population of malnourished and disease-ridden stray cats. For a long time I secretly thought that he had cursed himself by destroying an innocent creature that lived lurking in the shadows of human plunder.

—Rachel Kushner

BORROWED STREETS

My streets were too dirty,
filled with junk mail
and sludge,
paper cups smashed by thousands of feet,
Buildings were so grey,
unwelcoming windows
So I borrow your streets,
your sunny California streets,
cleaner, brighier, warmer,
bicycles and mopeds scooting along

I take off my sunroof nearly everyday.
Palm trees line the busiest avenues.
I'll borrow your streets, just for a while,
then give them back as I found them,
visit when I can,
save them in my memory
for a gloomy New York day

—Shaleen Marsh

24TH STREET JOURNAL -- STREETSCENES 1983

3 young men stand between the cars, they look like one sculpture, a sculpture you might see anytime, anywhere in the Mission. If there's to be a sculpture of barrio life here someday, it should be a statue of latino males standing at the closed hood of a car. Closed hood I suggest the better to admire the lines of the car, and closed hood the better to make the young men in the sculpture as important as the car.

There should be many sculptures for the Mission. That bear statue of Bufano's in the Valencia & 15th housing is out of date if it was ever in, and out of district, that's for sure. The Mission Murals are beautiful, there's a new one going up at York & 24th on the side of the York Meat Market. Women agricultural workers appear to be prominent. The mural is not finished so the community does not yet know what our newest mural is about. But it looks for sure like Chicanos doing the real work of providing produce for our table and profit for the agribusiness bosses.

I walk up 20th and Hampshire where the typical living statue stands, 3 men at the hood of a car. The sculpture registers sort of while I make my way when one guy speaks to me. A sort of tough biker-looking guy white guy addresses me: "Hey", he says, "does this guy look like a thief?" as he manipulates an innocent-looking young Black head face forward. "No," I answered.

Then the dominant white guy points to the Chicano and asks the same question. The Chicano looks okay, handsome and maybe innocent of face, but maybe with a little Mission district in his back pocket. I answered the on-the-spot question about whether he would steal or not as, "I don't know."

The aggressive white guy says, "How about me, do you think I'm a thief?"

"No" I say, both out of intimidation from him and estimation that his macho would, if he went outside the law, manifest itself in armed thuggery, not theft. Well, he didn't ask me if I thought he was a thug, only if I thought he was a thief.

I don't know what drama was going on in that little sculpture of 3 young men of 3 races. But I'm confused by the little scenario. Just because the innocent Black face looked innocent doesn't mean it was, nor does that particular Chicano face looking wily mean he was, and because the white guy looked brutish doesn't mean he was.

Somehow I think they were all friends, even the car. And I don't know what was going on in this little trio and never will.

—Murray

EACH STREET OF THE MISSION that I walk is really two different streets. There's one street for me-going-somewhere and for me-talking-to-someone. In either case, that street is a conduit in which I am coursed, along with the rest of the particles of the tide. Maybe people along the way catch my attention or maybe they blend together like colors in the passage of time. Maybe I notice sidewalk contours, filth, babies or a pair of jeans in the window. Maybe I am just conducted and don't notice anything.

The other street is when I don't have anywhere to be and don't have somewhere I want to go. That street squeals out its existence to me like a toddler who will do any ugly thing to get your attention. "I am hard, I will grate you" the street warns my feet through my thin rubber souls. I respond with reverence not contempt. My self, small and pink and wet compared to the hard grey being who is my host, has no interest in resistance. The street is pleased that I have offered it my solitude and lowers the menacing façade.

Although I am no longer part of the human flux, it is not easy for me to completely avoid its pull. I roll up my cigarette while walking because I will be jostled too much if I stand still. Smoking it, however, I become able to walk slower and slower.

It's important to be inconspicuous. If people think you don't have somewhere to go it arouses suspicion and is generally looked down upon. The appearance of motion is good camouflage.

I talk to no one so I can learn what the street tells me. It tells me about the man who sings rancheros and misses green plants. And the young guys carrying their beers in brown paper who are excited for the evening. And about the two women and the two girls who are all friendly neighbors. One woman is sorry that one of the girls has fallen down and is having trouble walking. The street tells me of the man with the white silver studded cowboy hat who prefers his jeans tight-style, and the father arriving home from work in a car with two kids and a baby. And the two girls practicing throwing football across the alley.

Before the street could reveal more treasures it had dissolved leaving the other street to transport me home and all I noticed was the warm orange glow of early spring twilight.

—Georgia Gibbon

New Works Page

ARTS AND LETTERS THE FOLLOWING WORKS ARE EXPRESSIONS ON THE THEME OF "STREETS"

FUTURE PRESENT

Tough-strutting highschoolers
Waiting for the bus

Their empty soda bottles
Loop in the sky --

to echo their futures...

Go "Pouff!"
And tinkle on the roadway.

....

Shoulder-to-shoulder in solidarity
The houses of San Francisco
Paint the hillsides
In cheery pastels

....

San Francisco houses, in their pretty colors
Stepping sideways across the hillslopes

like toy dollhouses.

I'll take two, please.

....

Balcony or ironwork
Baroque moulding or Puritan spare--
Facades in joyous self-expression
San Francisco houses so cozy-close together
Would that humans be so neighborly
As you are.

....

Brute commands: "Come here, Jeb!"

Then leashed...[un]leashed? at five p.m.,
You walk,
You lift a leg and pee, you shit.

You lucky dog

....

The stubby little agave
Squats on the ground
Mottled leaves edged in barbs--
Barracuda jaws grinning in rosette.

Sends up its flower spike--
a sunburst in orange-red,
With branching arms, one on either side,
their swelling tips like hands,

Reaching up,
greeting passerby.

—Edwin Chin Shong



Micaela O'Herlihy



Genevieve McDevitt-Mauldin

DUPONT CIRCLE

streetwise waterhose
amidst balls of confusion
spray polluted pee
on baby daffodil

—Giovanni Singleton

CITY SHADOWS

over-priced rooms for rent,
antique trees in wooden shackles,
cheap urban cologne
attempt to decorate
the empty world

dilapidated hearts, death on heels
make love on merry-go-round
of explosives, bobbed wire

beneath sunlight demon
garden of patchouli incense burns red

police sirens sound
striated drum beats
mask so many blue/black eyes,
pummelled flesh of new corpses

in these modern times
armed with teeth

—Giovanni Singleton



Micaela O'Herlihy

1966

The year I was born was a nodal year
people took the bus to work
ate breakfast with
toast and eggs (every now and then getting a hair)
carefully wiping
up yolk with the toast
off ceramic
plates bought
at supermarkets
or maybe
they were wedding presents
sometimes the sun would
come out and women could
stick their heads out the window
and breathe.
with the T.V. chattering in the background
and a baby demanding attention

in 1966
the supermarket was
down the avenue
on which
cars buzzed all day long
(every now and then you got an accident)
there were snowstorms
in the wintertime
and other countries seemed
far away.

—Peter McCauley

EL PRECIPICIO

estoy parado
en el precipicio
de la montaña
del odio y el amor

estoy cayendo
y pugno por escoger
a cual lado debo caer
los dos son serrados
y lleno de terquedad

estoy contento
en mi precipicio
pero el mundo
me acorrola
y me empuja
y me pone loco

estoy cubriendo mi
lunatismo
con felicidad
y la pandilla tortura
el perrito en la calle
y la montaña
tiembla

estoy cayendo
y mi amor
de buen corazón
me mantiene
pero su amor
tiene orillas duras
y la montaña
tiembla
y me resbalo
y caigo
y me apuñalo
en el lado de
El Amor

—Tim Smith

PRISON CAMPS

On Fell Street
encrusted fingers
question quarters

Foreign war vets,
skilled craftsmen
of particular trades,
hold America's vision
deep in small of backs.

Does the white dove
bring peace to our
finite surplus bodies?

High rises get higher,
dilapidated buildings
rubble for autos
to leave stains,
parked geographically

Arm yourself America!
There's nothing to lose
in iron cages when food is warm,
blankets clean.

Catharsis won't happen
in rush hour traffic,
on way to hedged greens,
side-walk planned expectations,
clairvoyance is your ladder out

—W. Thomas Bowman

BREAKFAST

Crutching across street
leg removed at hip
right leg
pant folded neatly into waist belt.
Like a pendulum he motors
strong, defined arms
centrifugal force.

—W. Thomas Bowman



Tonight I walked out of the twelfth street bart
ten thirty night --

Up revolving steps towards few flickering stars
and building-strewn intersection

Turned left down thirteenth taxi cab property, bottled
curb cast-iron covering hold in ground

Tonight I walk past Chinese cafeteria Hispanic shoe repair
Black barber shop windows

This wilder-ness river that traverses toward my
pastel pink apartment is home

I crossed the street, traffic light yellow, fourteen bus
roars by

Signal beeps for blind echoing a crazed sparrow's
predawn harmony

Liquor store crack depot sells Camel Light Hard Pack
two dollars fifteen cents

These strangers have strange business, wandering eyed
Arabic cashier throws down Kool Softpack

Tonight the street needs coins, angry misguided souls
nervously cup hand at store front

Ah, tonight I walk under Oakland spring night, angularly I
cut through vacant parking toward home--

Under tenant windows half cracked wafting smells of
seven kitchens

Iron black railing leads to front door and soulless escalator
up to fourth.

—W. Thomas Bowman

New Works Page

ARTS AND LETTERS THE FOLLOWING WORKS ARE EXPRESSIONS ON THE THEME OF "STREETS"

MANANG LILY

At the corner of 18th and Valencia
I'm waitin' on the 33 line
rush hour of rain too weak
and exhaust too thick
She squats down at my feet,
this old woman in a green raincoat
and slippers, picking up the empty
bottles with her bony hand, she
slips them into her plastic bag

She is Manang Lily
from Ilocos Sur, Philippine Islands
from apartment 383 at 18th and Guerrero
Come over sometime, she tells me,
I get so lonely. My son works three jobs,
all night he loads and unloads baggage
for United Airlines
My husband died in 1977. I get so
lonely Where do you live?
Are your parents here? Do you
speak Ilocano? I live just there (pointing)
next to the liquor store. Ading, come
visit me sometime, I get so lonely.

I imagine how she came here,
young pinay of smooth brown skin
daydreaming of work and money
Her sisters thought they would
go to Hong Kong and become maids,
powerless as bamboo, but surviving.
Stay and die, go and survive
everyone knows that maid means
whore in Hong Kong or Malaysia
though ethics are not a question
when you need to eat

Sneaking out of her country, no visa:
no tourist visa, no student visa, no
goddamn chase-manhattan visa
She left early one morning,
last goodbyes to Manila-town,
she tiptoes outside herself.

Here, in the mission,
in the city where I was born
Here, in the mission,
in her empty flat full
of empty bottles and too much
time, this is Manang Lily,
dreaming of a cool river
in Pangasinan, a smooth bamboo
floor she used to glide on,
an old woman dreaming
of a young girl dreaming
both lost in a sliver of freedom.

—Arlene Biala

PHOTOS BY ROBERT FARRELL



"THE GANG"



"BERKELEY AT NIGHT"



"OUR SENIORS"



"OUR FUTURE"

LOVERS

When the sidewalk is filled with
sweaty feet and bodies too stuffed with
afterdinner mints to turn their heads our
direction, there is privacy on these steps
where we kiss. Your lips on mine, full and
purple from our teeth. When your tongue
touches mine, my hands are underneath your
vest my thumbs hooked in the collar of your
shirt and your breasts are full and waiting for
the shiver my finger causes on your skin. Like
a ripple across a still pond. All feeling
concentrated along the narrow ridge of your
neck where my tongue traces a new path to
your ear.

It is on these stairs that I find your
thighs and pull them towards me so your
crotch is pressed against mine. I can feel your
hair pushing through your pants and if it
wasn't for your husband in the restaurant next
door, I would slide my hands down your belly,
inside your pants and pluck the hairs growing
along your thighs. One by one.

—Aja Couchois Duncan

STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO

The streets of San Francisco
Remind me of a
Sad place to be in trouble
A place where people
Will step on your legs or head
Bug you for money
Spit or throw garbage on you
These are the streets of
The San Francisco Bay Area

—Shamus Luby
Oakland, CA
Age 14

SAN FRANCISCO

The streets are beautiful
Beautiful as a butterfly in the sun
Like every butterfly had a different
design
So do the people of San Francisco

—Shamus Luby
Oakland, CA
Age 14

WHY WE'RE SICK

1.
Baby's got flu
and I bring my germ vacuum
to his kiss target anyway;
I want the sweetness below the slime.

2.
Sitting on the outside
with the other banks --
sperm, money, blood --
mothers hold their deposits discretely
and when heads are turned
they pour blow wipe
disturbing fluids
into the neat folds of soft white rectangles.

—Liane McDonell

WINTER

The burned-out streetwalkers shared a prayer for Ivan the day
he got in that scrap downtown
Twisting in the coked-up wind without a fill in his fool's teeth
Some cop shot him in the stomach after some on-leave Navy boys
broke up his face
And the hatred of the bruised police sat down on a park bench
to hear Elvis come vibrating out the third-story window of the
Christiana financial firm
Standing high up where the city doesn't sweat, wearing night
vision necklaces so even jetplanes don't miss her, the building
swayed with the violent night
Yeah, the heavies were guarding the front door as the ladies
slipped out the back, home to shoot the last of their speed
and get down on their wives' feet
Begging for a morning shower to wash them down the drain
While Duke Ellington got drunk with Margaret Thatcher, Doctor
Kevorkian committed suicide
And Ivan's moans they were bleeding, giving a cue to the Pope's
right hand cardinal to start the sinning and the believing and
then bury it on time
The one legged club owner found himself a pock faced whore across
the street from the video store and now he says his blind dog
can see
And Steve McGreer, who has tickets to all the home games, never
misses Sunday mass, and drinks decaffeinated single lattes, was
sentenced to three days in jail for giving a blow job in a public
bathroom

His wife called him on day number three strung out on Sudafed
and Strohi's calling her husband "a Satanist for doing such a
thing"

And Jeffrey Liquor, Tuesday morning tore his gun from the top
of the rack yelling out "Get them Mexicans out of my country
before I tack their skins to my garage"

Up the escalator two blocks away, two queens were shot in a
driveby attack by a Serviceman who said he had Gulf War Syndrome
Brother Otto's on trial at the oldest monastery in the U S
because the Catholic bureau of extramarital affairs says he
jacked off during mass

And Zhirinovsky got sick on Yeltsin's shoes while the Cali Cartel
ran away with the shit and the spoon

The KKK bombed a piano store because they thought it was run
by Jewish Eskimos and the whole motherfucker caught the rest
of the block on fire and burned out a Mason Temple

I heard that Generation X has got a reason for their era and
their temptations and their puritan sex

cause MTV hired a new station manager and Kurt Cobain blew his
nose into the new guy's pressed shirt

So the trash won't leave the front door when Lucille's man is
downstairs-- she's afraid to walk down the back stairs cause
he might hurt her, or worse yet, sell her to his pals from Idaho
for the night

Ester Ray Ronson's daughter was raped in the family bird room,
and now her personality is split between an association with
herself, the wallpaper and her father's parakeet, Chupster
Calvin lost his lungs working for an asbestos firm during the

summer and now his mother's going back to school with a handful
of cash she scored winning the lawsuit
The South Dakota state high school team got busted for
doing rails before the game, but their more than generous
father's paid off the S.D. School board with a new stadium next to the
gym they built on top of the old orchesira room
Thomas went a little crazy, left his home in Alabama and slept
beneath the 194 bridge, but the public library decided not to
let street people in during the Minnesota winters and he froze
to death

And the horns creep from every corner like Roland on a noose
But the scenesters can't hear it, waiting for ten o'clock to
roll around so that they're not too early to be seen

Yeah, they spiked that last shot with the madness of the day
to day so that from all around the western wealthy world people
would run for a sip to be free

They advertised this Madness liquor in a tattoo on my lover's
back hoping she might die a mysterious death

And then they plastered both our names on the new editions of style
magazines with a Macintosh technique that would turn me into the
image of woman and her into man

Rush Limbaugh just bought the sun and said he won't let it go
down until the world gets clean and sober

But the whole fuckin plan went to hell the day that
Jim Henson died

lost in the throat of winter

—Gentry Bronson

New Works Page

ARTS AND LETTERS THE FOLLOWING WORKS ARE EXPRESSIONS ON THE THEME OF "STREETS"



Vanessa Flynn



Sydney Cannon Frank



Maeve Croghan



Sydney Cannon Frank

The above images are sketches in preparation for a mural on La Casa de Las Madres, a battered women's shelter. The sketches were drawn by Sydney Cannon Frank, Maeve Croghan, Vanessa Flynn, and Micaela O'Herlihy in Juana Alicia's mural class at New College of California.

BENEATH THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE

On our second walk together I'm wary but not of you
boys behind a chain link fence--it's almost dusk
and they are so many in cleated shoes
so full of cockish noises.

And you are not a man
and I am not white

I'm grateful to be shorter, to fit easily under your arm.
The side of me not near you and the river becomes armored
They poke at us with curious, weighing eyes
all our parts fit--meshing gears, left foot left
right foot right foot
you skip a beat to keep in step

The J train above casts a waffling shadow.
Their lips move to no sound but they draw no closer
to the fence. It is our good fortune
to look not quite harmless

Across the East River the Domino Sugar sign
is a movie set piece, glinting in the sun off the water
Oead End Kids no longer charming, no longer winning
Your arm is tight around my waist, your hand
digs tensely into my pocket holding even my underwear
our steps deliberate
A ball hurtles through the air uncaught
as they swallow all they might know about us.

I am not white you are not a man.

-Jewelle Gomez

STREETS FILLED WITH WOMEN

It was a warm day, filled with bright sun and outrage as 600 women chanted "STOP THE VIOLENCE no more silence, Women fight back!" through the streets of San Francisco on March 12 for our thirteenth annual International Women's Day march. The demonstration, entitled "Conditions Critical: Why Oo We Have To Fight for What is Our Natural Right?" after the Lillian Allen song, focused on women's resistance to violence in all its forms.

"Why do we have to fight for what is our natural right?" Jewelle Gomez asked the crowd at Ouboce Park. ". Because men and our government still think that women and children are property. The murder of women and children is a sport for demented men and high paid lawyers. Every time a man shots a girlfriend or wife and pleads insanity, women must show up in those courtrooms and make certain the courts and the lawyers understand that the property is talking back. When the religious right conspired to have Alice Walker's story censored by removing it from the school tests, this wasn't simply a case of conservatives made squeamish by vegetarianism. It was the understanding that the woman character in that story identified with the property. The woman tells us that the property has feelings, feelings that we are honor bound to consider. This is dangerous. The danger lies, however, not in any confusion that might beset school children, but in the very real connection that women make between our everyday life, what we eat, what we read in the newspapers, and the political philosophy of the institutions of this country. We are disposable property, like the horse in the Alice Walker story, like the women and girls murdered daily at the whim of other human beings."

Joy Canada of Asian Immigrant Women's Action (AIWA) told of nine women garment workers' struggle to force dress designer Jessica McClintock to pay them wages they are owed. McClintock, who sells frilly dresses for \$200 or more which immigrant women workers are paid \$5 to make, refused to meet the women's demand. But the women's organizing efforts are forcing the reluctant garment industry to make concessions. A representative of Mujeres Unidas y Activas spoke of the hardships in the lives of Latina Immigrant women facing increasingly hostile legislation. In the wake of growing anti-immigrant sentiment from the racist right wing, women are organizing in their own defense

Coalition speaker Sally Thomas rallied the crowd with a reminder that "1992 was dubbed the Year of the Woman. Remember? I wonder, then, how 1993 will be remembered. Maybe the "Backlash, continued" Can we forget that infamous Examiner series on the so-called "False Memory Syndrome"? It just got too dangerous... too many women were speaking out about their incest experiences and making their perpetrators accountable for years of secretive abuse. Consciousness about incest was increasing something had to be done to put it back in the closet. What else but to call women crazy, hysterical and delusional? It worked for Freud why shouldn't work again? We're here to say that feminism is not going away WE ARE NOT VICTIMS, CUT IT OUT OR CUT IT OFF!"

-Jennifer Beach

CONTRIBUTORS to this issue are mostly New College of California students. Arlene Biala is Admissions Director, Edwin Chin Shong and Jewelle Gomez are instructors at New College. Genevieve McDevitt-Mauldin and Shamus Luby are kids of New College workers. Gentry Bronson is a totally independent element. SUBMISSIONS are welcomed from anybody -- submit graphics, poetry, and short prose on any theme by April 15 to New Works Page, 766 Valencia, SF CA 94110. Funded by a big grant from New College of California, edited by Tiffany Higgins.

CALLING ALL CARS

In the smallest of towns
the dead can't hear our footsteps anymore.
It's time for another maniac.

Calling all cars,
this Jerky-town cop in his cruiser,
coffee, doughnuts, cigarettes,
mirrored sunglasses -- his vanity
riding shotgun.

Calling all cars...
There just isn't calamity anymore
People grow bored with reruns,
the same explosion
It's time for another maniac

We have a 619 in progress--
The elderly to their sand bunkers,
the rats to the sewers
hold their laughs for another
shooting, another time for another maniac.

Calling all cars, Calling all cars--
Relax
underneath the weight of the dead,
no stray stiffs, no body parts in the garbage,
a friend for every copper, and answer
to every call for help, the last crazy
safe behind the bars until finally,
from underneath the dining-room table
the next loony starts his journey
from cut-up pictures to ravenous murders.

-Ese Arguellos

MISSION PLAYGROUND AT MORNING

No hoods shooting
Too early
they're
asleep,
I miss
in baggy
showing print
empty blacktop
hoops
At this time
in school,
or detained.
those boys
pants
boxers.

-Evaristo Lito Sandoval

HER OLD APARTMENT

The blue curtains
do not belong
on the window
that faces the park
The same window
we used to look
through
when we'd count
the winos
lying on the lawn

-Evaristo Lito Sandoval

The Roxie Cinema

APRIL
1994

3117 16TH ST. (AT VALENCIA) SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA 94103 (415) 863-1087

Friday, April 1—Thursday, April 7 Benny's Video

A chilling and disturbing new film that examines the shocking consequences of "video intoxication." Benny is a boy in his early teens who spends altogether too much time in front of the TV. In fact, his entire life is a media cocoon—a dark, airless void filled with the latest video equipment. His parents are curiously detached from the potential for tragedy and are properly horrified when Benny coldly murders a young girl in their apartment, capturing the grisly act for posterity on video! With Arno Frisch, Angela Winkler, Ulrich Muhe. Written and directed by Michael Haneke. In Color. 35mm. 105 mins. 1992. In German, with English subtitles. AUSTRIA. **U.S. THEATRICAL PREMIERE. NIGHTLY at 7:00 & 9:30. SAT, SUN & WED mats at 2:00 & 4:30**

Friday, April 8—Thursday, April 14 Docteur Petiot

Paris, 1944: By day, Marcel Petiot was a good doctor who treated the poor without hope of payment. He was also a good father and a good husband. But his greatest gifts were as a murderer and a thief. Luring unsuspecting Jews into his snare in the guise of smuggling them to freedom, he coldly and cleverly destroyed them and stole their valuables. When he was finally apprehended after the war, it was impossible to number his victims and the booty he collected could have filled a small museum. So who was Docteur Petiot? As with Hitler himself, there could be no explanation for Docteur Petiot. A pure force of evil, he stands as the perfect symbol for an evil age. With Michel Serrault. Directed by Christian de Chalonge. In Color. 35mm. 102 mins. France. **NIGHTLY at 7:00 & 9:30. SAT, SUN & WED mats at 2:00 & 4:30**

Friday & Saturday, April 15 & 16 A Two Day Tribute to Abel Ferrara!

America's pre-eminent iconoclastic film director—Abel Ferrara—will join us at the Roxie for screenings of some of his most incendiary works. From his earliest exploitation shockers to his current mindbending explorations of the human soul, he is a never-ending source of surprises. Barring any last minute change of plans, **Mr. Ferrara will appear at the Roxie both nights to discuss his films.**

Sunday, April 17 Hot Hong Kong Action from John Woo! Bullet in the Head

All Hell breaks loose when a group of profiteering Hong Kong hipsters land in Viet Nam in the mid-sixties. An explosive cross between "Mean Streets" and "The Deer Hunter." With Tony Leung and Jackie Cheung. Directed by John Woo. In Color. 35mm. 125 mins. 1990. Hong Kong. **SUN at 2:15 & 7:00**

Hard Boiled

A hard edged veteran cop reluctantly teams with a mob assassin in a desperate attempt to bring down a vicious arms dealer. Some of the most elegantly conceived action scenes ever put to film. With Chow Yun-Fat and Tony Leung. Directed by John Woo. In Color. 35mm. 122 mins. 1992. Hong Kong. **SUN at 4:40 & 9:20**

Monday, April 18 Special Benefit! Guest Speakers! Defending Our Lives

The women in the film are members of Battered Women Fighting Back!, a grassroots organization dedicated to exposing domestic violence as a critical human rights violation threatening the majority of our population: women and children. Produced by Cambridge Documentary Films. In Color. 16mm. 40 mins. 1993.

This event is a Special Benefit for The California Coalition For Battered Women In Prison. For more information about this group, write to them at 1535 Mission St., San Francisco, Ca, 94103. **MON at 7:00 & 9:15. Guest speakers will appear at both shows.**

Tuesday—Thursday, April 19—21 Earth and the American Dream

Filmmaker Bill Couture has a reputation for taking difficult subjects, such as the Vietnam War and AIDS, and turning them into poignant, powerful films ("Dear America: Letters Home from Vietnam" and "Common Threads: Stories from the Quilt"). Now Couture turns his focus, with a powerful collection of words and images, to the perilous state of the environment in **Earth And The American Dream**. It's America's story told from the environment's point of view. The words of Henry David Thoreau, John James Audobon, Alexis de Tocquville, Theodore Roosevelt, and U Thant are spoken by some of the world's most talented actors, including Ellen Burstyn, Harrison Ford, Mel Gibson, Gene Hackman, Anthony Hopkins, Dustin Hoffman, Jeremy Irons, Jack Lemmon, Bette Midler, Rod Steiger and Mary Steenburgen. Directed by Bill Couture. In Color/B&W. 35mm. 93mins. 1994. USA. **US THEATRICAL PREMIERE. TUE & THUR at 7:00 & 9:30. WED at 2:00, 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30.** Cosponsored by Sierra Club Northern California chapter. On Tue at 7:00 a panel of Sierra Club speakers will address environmental issues.

Friday, April 22—Thursday, April 28 Aileen Wuornos The Selling of a Serial Killer

In a culture seemingly obsessed with tabloid journalism, the case of Aileen Carol Wuornos, a sometime prostitute and known lesbian who confessed to shooting and killing seven men in Florida in 1989 and 1990, it didn't take long for television tabloid shows and made-for-TV movie producers to realize that the Wuornos case had enough bizarre twists and kinky elements to make the story one of the nation's most talked about criminal cases in recent memory. Wuornos has become part of America's popular culture, generating not only discussion about her case and her current status on death row, but tremendous amounts of money for those involved with the case. It is the "selling" of Aileen Wuornos and the various images of her in the media that forms the center of this controversial new documentary. Thus far, the film has been shown at the 1993 Sundance Film Festival, the 1993 Toronto Film Festival and the 1993 New York Film Festival. It was also presented with the British Film Institute Award for Best Documentary. Directed by Nick Broomfield. In Color. 16mm. 86 mins. 1993. Great Britain. **WEST COAST THEATRICAL PREMIERE. NIGHTLY at 6:00, 8:00 & 10:00. SAT, SUN & WED mats at 2:00 & 4:00**

Saturday, April 23 At Midnight! Johnny Legend Presents Spider Baby

You simply won't believe your eyes: one of the weirdest cult shockers of all time! A thoroughly demented family has become a ravenous pack of cannibals as a result of inbreeding! At turns both scary and ridiculously funny, **Spider Baby** is being presented in a brand new 35mm print! Don't miss this bizarre classic! Starring Lon Chaney, Jr. (who also sings the film's title song!), Sid Haig, Jill Bannner and Carol Ohmart. Directed by Jack Hill. B&W. 35mm. 80 mins. 1964. USA. **SAT at 12 Midnight.**

Friday, April 29—Thursday, May 5 The Trial

Kafka's classic story of Josef K., a bank clerk in Prague, who is arrested at his boarding house on the morning of his thirtieth birthday. With no specific charge facing him, he is gradually led down a spiraling path of nightmare paranoia. This new version—Orson Welles filmed the story in 1962—was written for the screen by Harold Pinter and, according to Janet Maslin in *The New York Times*, "sounds as much like his (Pinter's) own work as it does like Kafka's, thanks to the mocking tone and the mysteries built into the material. The distinctions between the two voices are as specific and fascinating as they are minuscule." Starring Kyle MacLachlan, Anthony Hopkins, Jason Robards, Juliet Stevenson and Alfred Molina. Directed by David Jones. In Color. 35mm. 120 minutes. 1993. **WEST COAST THEATRICAL PREMIERE. NIGHTLY at 7:00 & 9:30; SAT, SUN & WED mats at 2:00 & 4:30**

YOUTH POSTIVE

by Molly Hankwitz

The third community workshop sponsored by The 16th Street Revitalization Association and organized by chairperson Anita Correa will be held April 21st, 1994 from 7-9 pm at the Victoria Theatre. Bearing the title "Self-Image, Community-Image: Community Health in the Balance", an evening of distinguished speakers, writers, and community workers with a stake in the future of Mission District children/youth will be offering an in-depth look at existing youth programs and fresh ideas. The goal will be to give context and support for continued good work in this area.

Speakers will include Barbara Kravelis, principal of the Bryant School whose nationally recognized student computer projects have been hailed as "innovative", Leisl Chapman, from the UCSF/Science Education Project on health and science, Roberto Valverde from the Mission High "Flour Babies" project, and Pablo Gonzalez, of Skyline College, who counsels kids' in a community wide cultural exchange project. Lillia Aguilera, executive

director of the Centro Cultural Mexicano, Margaret Brodtkin of the Coleman Youth Advocates, and proponent of increased funds for children's programs, Jennifer Cree Swann, executive director of Listen to Our Elders/Listen to our children, Carmen Weins from the Columbia Boys Club "Tobacco-Free Program, Molly Hankwitz, local children' author and Claire Harmon, instructor from the SF Community Music Center will also discuss their work. Students from the Bryant School will present computer projects.

The 16th Street Revitalization Association urges the community to join in discussing, learning about and solving problems facing kids. Help make a more supportive environment in which Mission District kids can grow - with vision, challenge and excellence as models, children will become the creative adults of tomorrow. If you work with youth, as parent, teacher, or friend, please attend. Free. Refreshments will be served. For more information contact: Anita Correa, coordinator at (415) 863-7576.



Editor,

The soccer field folks who are attempting to destroy Dolores Park are at it again. For NW News readers who may have forgotten, the City approved plans last May to build a practice soccer field in the north end of Dolores Park, despite a large amount of opposition from neighborhood organizations and concerned citizens.

From the beginning of the planning process, the idea of the soccer field was one of a small practice field to be used by youngsters with no goalpost, no fencing, and no retaining walls. In addition, the lengthy hearing process brought out a consensus that the field was to be 150 feet by 210 feet. Once City approval was given to the field, the proponents quickly began to lobby for a field 210 feet by 270 feet. They choose to ignore the fact that the head of the Recreation and Park Department Mary Burns, in response to inquiry from the Board of Supervisors, stated that the field was to be 210 feet in length. Once a field that length is

built, the entire north end of Dolores Park is lost. No more picnics, pick-up softball, pick-up soccer, or a quiet afternoon reading a book. Many of the leaders of the soccer field group have back yards. Most of the renters in the Mission don't have that luxury. We need Dolores Park for both recreation AND relaxation. A full size soccer field at Franklin Field (16th and Bryant) has been given the green light by Park and Rec staff. In addition, \$150,000 has just been allocated to renovate six soccer fields. The park wreckers would have the public believe that an extra 60 feet of soccer field will solve the problems of youth in the Mission. Don't rob Peter to pay Paul. Poor people need open space too. Stick to the agreed upon length of 210 feet for the soccer field. I would urge readers to the News to call the Mayor's office and demand just that.

Sincerely,

David Spéro

GANGSPEAK

Gang members, this is your column.
This is your voice.

Send your words, poems, rap songs and art work to Deanne Berger-Moudgil, Column

Editor, GangSpeak, c/o El Tecolote, P.O. Box 40037, S.F. 94140, or call Deanne's pager: (415) 227-6338.



Me, a little vato from Daly City doing my best to unite mi Raza; some people are down and some people le sacan. Les digo a que le temen. I'm trying to stop the fighting between us. Chales, it makes sense to check this out: Nortenos have cholos and cholas, Sureños have cholos and cholas. Cuando un cholo kills another cholo and another cholo kills a chola, chales, it's obvious that the Raza is killing its own people. I only wish that everybody got this through their head. Why are we fighting for barrios we do not own; the barrios are owned by white folks and other races that aren't Latino. I would understand if we, me and you owned the barrio; then of course you wouldn't want other "Raza" to step all over it. But guess what: We do not own these barrios, and that goes to let you know that we are killing ourselves because of ignorance. If only the Raza understood.

Otra cosa, we're killing our people over colors; let me tell you something: GOD made colors to make the world look colorful and

beautiful, que no? GOD did not make them for us to fight or kill ourselves over them. Chales, another thing: GOD made numbers for us to learn our math; GOD did not make numbers for us to look at 11th Street as being one gang, 13th being another, 14th another, 18th and 22nd, etc. I don't want the kids of tomorrow, our little chavalitos, to grow up and learn their math and knowing some numbers as being gang numbers or getting to know the beautiful colors in this world as being gang colors. I'm tired of this; I have one dream in this life of mine and that dream is for all Latinos around our barrios to understand what they are doing, come to their senses and realize that killing our Raza over some of the best things that GOD gave us is not worth it; and for all my Raza to become united forever.

Sincerely, from

(a little vato who wants to make a difference en la comunidad Latina)

Jose Brambila
Little Angel

Editor,

Credit ought to be given where credit is deserved, as in the case of the leadership qualities of Ruben Marquez from Mission High School.

Ruben Marquez was the President of the Raza Club at Mission High School where he helped stage a student walk-out to protest the social and academic conditions at the school-site. He was also the main leader for organizing La Raza to stage the walk-out, and was the founder of La Raza Club at Mission High School, which enabled the school to celebrate "Cinco de Mayo" and "16 de Septiembre". La Raza Club also requested Ethnic Studies classes and Brown role models and leaders in the school system, among other matters.

This event did lead to the implementation of an Ethnic Studies program at Mission High School with the help of the San Francisco State University Ethnic Studies Department, which

served as a model for other high schools in the city and county of San Francisco, and in California in general. The students are still waiting, however, for more Raza counselors, Raza teachers, Raza Studies, Raza Universities, Raza cultural centers, and the list goes on and on.

On behalf of La Raza community, La Raza students at Mission High School thank-you Mr. Ruben Marquez, for the program of Ethnic Studies, and for bringing some of La Raza students' concerns and issues to the Board of Education, the City and County of San Francisco California City Hall 1994, at a time when the politicians would rather pay \$33,000,000 a year to keep Raza in prison than to pay the same amount of money to send Raza to Harvard University for a year.

You are a born-leader,
Alfredo Najera Netzahualcoyotl Avelar
(AKA Zapata)

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For more information call: Lucy Pineda at Mission Housing Development @ (415) 864-6432.

FOOLS RUSH IN

By Alana Herron

On Saturday and Sunday April 23 and 24, Wise Fool Puppet Intervention will perform "Touch Prayer" in Dolores Park (at the corner of 19th and Dolores), at dusk. They will perform the same work at Lake Merritt in Oakland the following weekend.

Wise Fool Puppet Intervention is a wonderful combination of trained performers, as well as anyone else who shows up. Their larger-than-life puppets and masks appear in San Francisco celebrations such as *Dia de los Muertos* and Carnaval. Hailing from the European tradition of public spectacle, Wise Fool's presence is visually unforgettable. They are the only group in the Bay Area that does stilt walking, and they create eclectic sculptures for everyday settings.

Wise Fool explains what "Touch Prayer," their latest full-length work, is about: honoring those living with HIV. Conceived and developed in the fall of 1993 with the collaboration of AIDS activists and people living with HIV, the piece is intended to call public attention to the fact that HIV is "a disease we are all living with and from which we cannot turn our faces."

"Touch Prayer" began in 1993 when core members thought the *Dia de los Muertos* procession was going to be canceled. Says founder Amy Christian, "We heard rumors, so we decide to create a dusk performance of our own."

Wise Fool brainstormed about topics that they wanted to address. They agreed that people living with HIV were not receiving the

attention they deserved and that Wise Fool, a community intervention group, had to combat the plague mentality surrounding AIDS. They

"People with HIV face a lot of rejection. When they have a coughing fit, people move away. No one wants to be with them or touch

not just in their disease, but in the change of lifestyle that their disease dictates."

This lifestyle, points out Christian, need not be seen as a disadvantage. "These people are willing to be visionaries. They are about slowing down and having clarity. They are also leaders, because they need to be healthy and they make that a priority."

The piece visually expresses the struggle of the HIV carrier, the anger and grief that, as Christian says, "keeps us apart from them and holds us together." In accompaniment are various low-tech, handmade instruments, songs and rhythm. And there are words. Written as a chronicle of a journey, the piece includes oral poetry and prose, for the most part written by a collaborator living with HIV. In the course of the performance, the audience becomes involved in the journey itself.

As a performance, "Touch Prayer" is typical of Wise Fool pieces. Says Christian, "We are an outdoor theater of objects that cross over boundaries of education, ritual and theater." Unique objects included in "Touch Prayer" are giant prayer wheels tied with strips of cloth that offer an invocation to the spirits to keep life alive, as well as a "living names project" made of sheets that the audience is invited to sign.

Hopefully, the spectacle will alert the public to the plight of those living with HIV and will help lessen physical and emotional alienation associated with the disease. Those with suggestions or comments can find Wise Fool at 1075 Treat Street. 905-5958.



hoped to provide the compassion and sensitivity that those with HIV were not regularly given.

them. But they need to be honored and understood. They need to be honored for their need to be touched and loved, as well as understood



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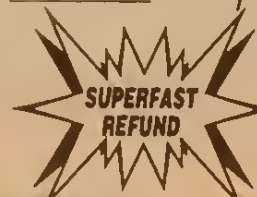
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NEW MISSION NEWS: SPECIAL CARNAVAL/ MAY DAYS Edition AD DEADLINE: April 21, 1994 Call Victor Miller 415/ 695-8702

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SAMBA DO CORACAO MARY & FERNANDO DOLLAR & SAMUEL'S FULLAVES OF HAPPINESS

Iemaja, the water goddess can heal & redeem Carnaval believers. Catch the wave of joy from songwriter Jeff Taylor. Fernando's bateria hums & makes room for rookies. 8 sect. incl kids & Baianas S-truck Float Rehr. Sun GGPark 415/826-2588

BIRDS OF PARADISE BRAZILIAN ALEX SAPIORETTI IVON PANDOLFI SPECIAL FOR

Rio-style tribute to the 3 Brazilian races, white, black & Indian. Colors green & yellow (spring & the sun) Best costumes C'93 Rhr Beth Abrams Taped Music, Float 415/863-3651

BATU' PITU' II KIP FARRIS WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

Carnavalesco Kip invites 2000 bods to dance behind outrageous giant float and his tight samiba merry-maker band Great Baiana. Be a star in solid color costumes, EBay Kip 510/540-7408

Oju Oboc MOVIMENTO

Betho is CSF's most acclaimed dancer & choreographer. OO's bateria expects to give way to some Bahia Carnaval royalty w/new C'94 CD. Carmen (the TV VJ) & Dominique here to Rehr. Women's B SF MT 415/566-4661

SPECIAL GUEST STARS WORLD CUP RUSSIANS SOCCER BRAZILIANS TEAMS CAMEROONS

Join Pre-parade Soccer Dribble on Mission Miracle Mile produced by MECA

Banyon Calypso by Minshall

Touted debut. Sister work to Odyssey, goddess Calypso's island was where Homer's hero spent 7 years of seductive timelessness or joyful song & dance. Ancient Greeks & Trinis share much. Hail Minshall. Mas cinp: Berkeley. All-state effort Jennifer M 510/293-0202 LB 408/272-2062

SF Taiko Dojo Kaminiari Seichi Ianaka World Drum

A thunderous debut by nonpro wing of the acclaimed (world's best?) Japanese drum company. All cultures celebrate spring's rebirth, many call it Carnival. Respect the ancients, Float Rhr: 60 Brady SF Carol Ayers 415/554-1780

WISE FOOL PUPPET INTERVENTION CIRCLE J. W. MEAD GAMES

Help puppets roll big earth ball down Mission Miracle Mile. Callin all circles incl wheelchrs, bikes, skates. Clown Conspiracy Spring play TouchPrayer @Dolores Pk 4/23, 24 7-30 Drums 15th/Valencia SF 905-5958

SPIRIT OF POLYNESIA Pacific Thunder Drums KEMO BAIRD

Oh beautiful waves & wavers. Find more island rhythms but same unity & love of nature. Lots of fun & opps for young ladies. Big percussion. Rhrs: SF Crocker Amazon Clbhs & East Bay Kemo 510/758-0770

Concursa Viva Panama JUAN STURGES DENISE ASTEZA CORRIHAN

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A WAKING DREAM SOLAR Lichen SURVIVORS

Post-Armageddon archetypes incl 4 elementals, Destiny Pyramid (hope or despair?) World cup w/ life force draining, clowns, kids. Hi-tech solar sound/pwr Mas camp: Fugawi 18th/Bryant SF Lichen 415/621-3571

SAMBAO WORLD MARIA SOUZA & Belicola CUP

Lucky 7th yr, simple life & high thoughts + alien soccer bods, w/ flags fr 24 WCup countries. Lisa Silva & Voz do Brazil, Rio Show, Axe Brazil, Aquerella, Amazona, 5 sections Bateria, Soundtruck (by H. Colar, Float (by C. Pine) Rhrs: AquaticP (Berk) MS 510/548-1310

Rendee Folclore Bahia Anta Wara

Caporales blend myth & traditions of New & Old Worlds through the mystery of ritual dance to celebrate beauty and majesty of their country, the heart of our hemisphere. Rhrs: Mountain View JL 415/961-3081

Mas Salsa the Committee Baile!

Help debut this good-time multi cult group of CSF vets. Improv Latin partner dancing w/ Anna Celeste All welcome. Colors: magenta, silver & black Rhr: EIRioSF Sheila K. 415/285-7255 Cindy U. 510/562-6713

PASTAIO PREPARES PERFECT PASTA

By Stett Holbrook

Once there was a popular Castro district restaurant named Luisa's that was packed nightly with happy customers. When the restaurant closed, the area lost one of its best Italian restaurants. The Castro's loss, however, is now the Mission District's gain. With the opening of Pastaio Ristorante, Mission residents now get Luisa's hearty yet elegant food for themselves. Taking the place of the cleverly named Joe's Pizza at Sixteenth and Guerrero, it is destined to become a neighborhood favorite.

On a quiet Tuesday night, my four companions and I sat down to sample Pastaio's fare, while the rousing sounds of *La Boheme* filled the dining room. The interior of the restaurant is simple and relatively unadorned. While she is still decorating, owner Luisa Hanson readily admits she does not worry about such things too much. Cooking is her main concern. And the proof is in the pasta. And the pizza.

We started with an order of bruschetta (\$3.75) and a small eggplant pizza (\$9). The pieces of bruschetta were crisp and piled high with summer-fresh pesto and tomato sauce. The pizza was a marvel. It should be the standard by which all others are measured. The crust was thick, light and chewy, with just the right amount of crispiness. Luisa says for full flavor, she sautes her toppings halfway before putting them on the pizza. It works. The flavors of the eggplant and fresh basil that topped the pizza

were distinct. The sauce somehow tasted as if the tomatoes had just come off the vine.

While we waited for our entrees, a basket of hot, homemade bread arrived. It was quickly devoured. All the entrees we ordered were excellent, with scarcely a strand of fettuccine left over. Highlights were the gnocci pesto (\$7.50), the prawns with garlic butter (\$9.50) and the cheese tortellini with tomato sauce (\$7.25). Luisa explained her gnocci (homemade of course) is a lighter recipe, representative of northern Italy. The texture of the dumplings was like satin, smooth and delicate; buttery sauce shared the plate with a healthy portion of well-sauced linguine. And the tortellini were plump little jewels covered in more of the redolent tomato sauce. The portions on each plate were generous. It would be difficult to leave Pastaio hungry.

The best thing about Pastaio is its authenticity. You know you're getting the real thing from someone who knows what she's doing. Luisa has been in restaurant business for years and comes from a family of restaurateurs. She cautioned one of us against putting parmesan on his prawns, lest her grandmother spin in the grave. And if eating the food were not proof enough of the restaurant's authenticity, Luisa said "mama mia" several times.

Most pasta dishes are between \$7 and \$8. An extra-large pizza with no toppings is \$11.95 (between 3 and 6 p.m., slices of cheese pizza are 99 cents). Pastaio eschews veal and offers a few beef dishes. The emphasis is on vegetarian pasta dishes, pizza and calzones.



Luisa puts a personal touch to every meal.

Photo by Eugene Kettner

With its homemade pasta, homemade bread, fresh sauces, garden-ringed patio and surprisingly low prices, the restaurant offers an affordable option to the burrito-weary diner. The restaurant has yet to attract the old restaurant's crowds, but it's only a matter of time.

Pastaio is located at 3182 16th St. between Valencia and Guerrero and open every day from 11 am to 11 pm.

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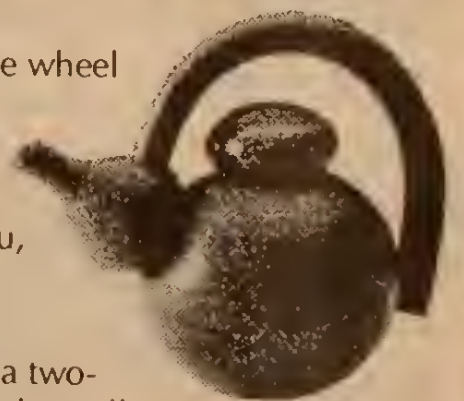
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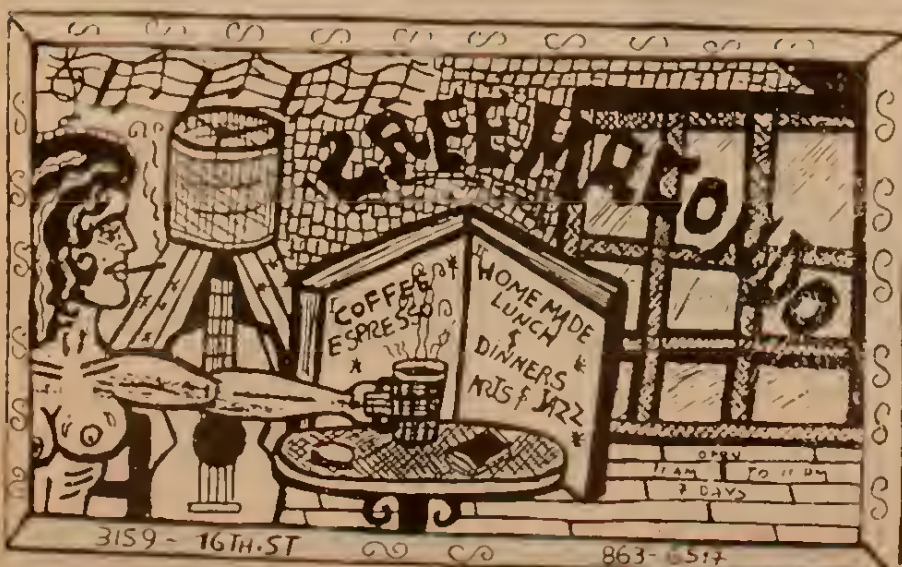
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CHIROPRACTIC NOTEBOOK

By: Dr. Ross Williams

The Truth About Children and Chiropractic

The national health care debate is heating up. Insurance companies, HMOs, hospitals, drug manufacturers and many other special interest groups are jockeying for position. So it is not surprising that recently there have been many efforts to discredit or misrepresent chiropractic care, such as the recent 20/20 television broadcast on chiropractic and children.

Why do millions of parents seek chiropractic care for their children each year?

Fact #1: Chiropractic can help children.

Falls, "harmless" bumps and even routine births can damage formative spinal structures. This damage can severely compromise the function of a child's nervous system. This nervous system dysfunction can be the cause of a loss of health. Doctors of chiropractic are the only type of doctor trained to detect and correct this problem. Researchers in the United States, Germany, Denmark, Japan and Australia have shown the effectiveness of chiropractic care with a variety of common childhood illnesses.

Fact #2: Chiropractic is safe.

Today's doctor of chiropractic receives a four-year post-graduate degree at a government-accredited chiropractic college following two to four years of pre-chiropractic studies. This training and conservative approach

makes chiropractic one of the safest forms of health care. While an estimated 1,600 people will die from aspirin this year, and thousands more from prescription drugs, chiropractic care is exceptionally safe. Health problems outside the scope of chiropractic are referred to the proper specialists.

Fact #3: Many families use chiropractic as part of a healthy lifestyle.

Along with regular dental and eye examinations, more and more of today's parents are adding chiropractic spinal checkups for their children and themselves. Wary of the indiscriminate use of antibiotics, tubes in ears and other controversial treatments, concerned parents are including a chiropractic doctor on their health care team. The wellness and prevention aspects of chiropractic care are attracting informed, cost-conscious health care consumers.

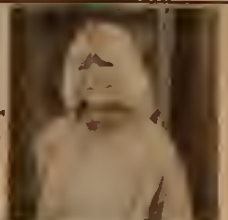
Conclusion:

Even the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine* recognizes the growing number of patients consulting chiropractic offices. Many patients are so delighted, they refer their friends and family. While the popularity of chiropractic may threaten the powerful economic forces at risk during this time of change, countless millions of delighted parents and children have benefited from this safe, scientific and effective form of health care.

If you would like more information on chiropractic, give us a call. Yours for better health! Drs. Ross Williams & Bob Kleinhans of Mission District Chiropractors at (415) 826-1000.



Notes
from your Mission Urban Farmer
with a Mission. Eva Moen



Why Wheat Grass Farms in Neighborhoods?

My name is Eva Moen and I'm your local urban farmer. I grow wheat grass and sprouts in the Mission. I want to tell you about the benefits of wheat grass and the good of having it available here in the neighborhood.

My goal is to put wheat grass on every breakfast table (like orange juice), as well as drops of wheat grass juice into every baby's mouth...and a wheat grass juicer in every kitchen!

Why wheat grass? Although I am just a farmer, I can tell you from personal experience and from reading Ann Wigmore's wheat grass books that wheat grass is a body cleanser, rebuilder and neutralizer of toxins, including radiation generated by our computers and other aspects of our toxic lifestyles.

Wheat grass - either chewed or juiced - is a complete food. Eggs are not a complete food. Carrots are not a complete food. Apples are not a complete food. Meat is not a complete food. Even combining these foods still will not give you the vitamins, minerals and chlorophyll you receive from wheat grass juice. Researchers report that every known vitamin has been segregated from wheat grass in the amounts and qualities best suited for use in the

bodies of human beings and animals. Fifteen lbs. of fresh wheat grass is equivalent in nutritional value to 350 lbs. of the choicest vegetables.

Wheat grass is also a major source of chlorophyll. It contains 70% crude chlorophyll. Chlorophyll is concentrated sun power.

The chlorophyll molecule bears close resemblance to hemoglobin. The difference: The central element in blood is iron. The central element in chlorophyll is magnesium. Owing to this close molecular resemblance, it is believed that chlorophyll is the natural blood-building element for all plant eaters and humans.

Chlorophyll increases the function of the heart and affects the vascular system, the intestines, the uterus and the lungs. It raises the basic nitrogen exchange and is therefore a tonic which, considering its stimulating properties, cannot be compared with any other.

Feel free to visit me at the Farm at 1785 15th Street (415-864-3001). Study what we are doing here: growing wheat grass, sprouts, making juice, making Rejuvelac and having classes. We are here in YOUR neighborhood with wheat grass for the people!

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MISSION DISTRICT CALENDAR

FRIDAY, APRIL 1

Bad Boys - Host Jim Morton explores the rebellious youth phenomenon through the use of 50's movie trailers. A.T.A. 992 Valencia St., 8:30 p.m., \$5. Call 824-3890.

Blue Boys - The Blue Room Boys (and girl) perform tonight and every Friday in April at Radio Valencia 1199 Valencia St., 6:30 p.m., free. Call 826-1199.

Choir Boys - Today and tomorrow are the last days to register for Spring Quarter classes at the Community Music Center. Call 647-6015.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2

Easter Abominations - Bad Religion Part I: films and videos to offend every denomination at this special time of year. A.T.A. 992 Valencia St., 8:30 p.m., \$5. Call 824-3890.

"El Caribe Canta" - From Puerto Rico, Ronald Rosario and el Grupo Cotidiano. Pena Del Sur 2870 22nd St., 9:30 p.m., \$5. Call 550-1101.

SUNDAY, APRIL 3

Jazz ! - The Robert De Haven Group at Radio Valencia 1199 Valencia St., 8:30 p.m., \$5. Call 826-1199.

Open "Michelle" Night - An evening open to local talented performers. Old Wives' Tales 1009 Valencia St., 7 p.m., \$3-10. To sign up call 821-4676.

Open BRAVA! House - Reading by Cherrie Moraga, performance by flawless, Drama-Divas, noshing, schmoozing, tax consulting, raffles prizes and more. BRAVA! For Women in the Arts 2180 Bryant St., 2 p.m.- 5 p.m., free. Call 641-7657.

MONDAY, APRIL 4

Would You Like Some Free Verse with Your McNuggets, Sir ? - Russian poet Nina Iskrenko known for choreographing interactive poetry actions in forests, metro stations and in line at the Moscow McDonald's discusses Russian poetry since the 1991 Coup. Intersection for the Arts 446 Valencia St., 8 p.m., \$3-5. Call 626-2787.

TUESDAY, APRIL 5

Yau and Glzzi - Two people so named read poetry at Small Press Traffic 3599 24th St., 8 p.m., \$4. Call 285-8394.

Good Grief - Pet loss support group for grieving pet owners. S.F.S.P.C.A. 2500 16th St., free. Call 554-3000.

So You Want To Sing ? - The S.F. City Chorus is looking for people with pleasant singing voices, the ability to read music and an enjoyment of hard work. Auditions are today. Call 861-6771.

Orgasmic Accessing - And other aspects of Tantric Yoga are demonstrated by the internationally known Jwala, wear loose clothes, eat no later than 6:15 p.m. Good Vibrations 1210 Valencia St., 8-10 p.m., \$20 Pre-registration required. Call 974-8980.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6

Hey, Those Aren't Swedish Cars - Book Party for *Femella*, a book of 32 color photographs of women's vulvas; local artists have created collages from the book's images which will be on display. Good Vibrations 1210 Valencia St., 8 p.m., free. Call 974-8980

And More Surprises - Nina Iskrenko noted for her Moscow poetry actions presents an evening of surprises, along with several Bay Area guest artists. Intersection for the Arts 446 Valencia St., 8 p.m., \$3-5. Call 626-2787.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7

Viva! Burt - Community and labor leader Burt Corona and historian Mario Garcia collaborated in a three year oral history project to create *Memories of Chicano History: The Life and Narrative of Burt Corona*, a collaborative autobiography of a major Chicano figure. Both authors will be on hand to celebrate this landmark publication. Modern Times Books 888 Valencia St. 7:30 p.m., free.

Porn Losers - A whole bunch of dirty movies from the 20's and 30's found in various places, such as Livermore and Berlin, featuring men, women, dogs and the Brooklyn Bridge. Door prizes, private booths and other sleazy stuff. A.T.A. 992 Valencia St., 8 p.m. and 10 p.m., \$5. Call 824-3890.

FRIDAY, APRIL 8

Gender on Ice - No Tonya, no Nancy. Lisa Bloom discusses her book *Gender on Ice*, an analysis of how the conquest of the North Pole shaped national ideologies and masculine fantasies. Modern Times Books 888 Valencia St., 7:30 p.m., free.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9

Torchy Torment - Johnny Lonely's Unhappy Hour, comedic interludes with original jazz tunes as Johnny wallows in self pity and angst. Features that toe tapping favorite "Why'd You Have To Change Your Sex". The Marsh 1062 Valencia St., 10:30 p.m., \$7-10. Call 641-0235. ALSO PLAYS ON APRIL 16, 23, AND 30.

Rock! - The wandering Stars. Radio Valencia 1199 Valencia St., 6:30 p.m., free. Call 826-1199.

Pope Poe - The Other Cinema's Bad Religion Festival concludes with a salute to Edgar Allan Poe see 4/2 for details.

Adios Arena - A musical farewell to the duet "Arena De Rio" that returns to Mexico this month, features musicians from Pena Del Sur. 2870 22nd St., 9:30 p.m., \$5. Call 550-1101.

SUNDAY, APRIL 10

Celebration ! - La Raza Information Center which provides a wide variety of bilingual services to the Latino community celebrates its 24th anniversary with traditional Central American and Mexican food and music. Mission Cultural Center 2868 Mission St. 4-9 p.m., \$10. Call 863-0764.

Post-millennial Chaos - Octavia Butler talks about her new book *Parable of A Sower*, set in California in the year 2025 when civilization is on the verge of collapse. Isn't it always on the verge of collapse? Old Wives' Tales 1009 Valencia St., 7 p.m., \$3-10. Call 821-4676.

MONDAY, APRIL 11

Poetry Reading with Cyn Zarco and Sesshu Foster - Zarco is a Filipina photo-journalist based in South Beach, Miami; Sesshu is a junior high teacher from Eastlos. Intersection for the Arts 446 Valencia St., 8 p.m., \$2-4. Call 626-2787.

TUESDAY, APRIL 12

Belly Laughs - Plus "amazing frankness and honesty" in this one woman play about the life of a bellydancer, "Dancing in the Whirlwind". The Marsh 1062 Valencia St., 8:30 p.m., \$7-10. Call 641-0235. ALSO PLAYS ON 4/19.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14

Let's Get Radical - Celebrate Secretary's Day with Radical Women and a discussion of "Women Workers: Sparkplugs of Labor" a document on women's impact on the workplace. Valencia Hall 523-A Valencia St., homecooked dinner at 6:45 p.m. (\$5), meeting at 7:30. Call 864-1278 or 334-1853.

Let's Get Ritual - "Ritual Salons" provides an introduction to ritual and ceremony for those who have banished such from their hectic lives. Old Wives' Tales 1009 Valencia St., 8 p.m., \$3-10. Call 821-4676.

"Landscape Memory" - World premiere dance performance by choreographer Ruth Langridge, music by John Luther Adams, text by Barry Lopez. Theater Artaud 450 Florida St., 8 p.m., \$12.50-15.50. Call 621-7797. ALSO PLAYS ON 4/15 AND 4/16.

FRIDAY, APRIL 15

Exploitation Exploration - A complete history of the exploitation film with many rare clips and trailers hosted by Jim Morton. A.T.A. 992 Valencia St., 8:30 p.m., \$5. Call 824-3890.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16

Variedades - Music performed by Sidney Sampaio of Brazil and Mauricio Bertin of Chile. Pena Del Sur 2870 A 22nd St., 9:30 p.m., \$5. Call 550-1101.

Drop That Lasagna Garfield ! - Kate Gamble conducts a monthly seminar in understanding the mysteries and avoiding the

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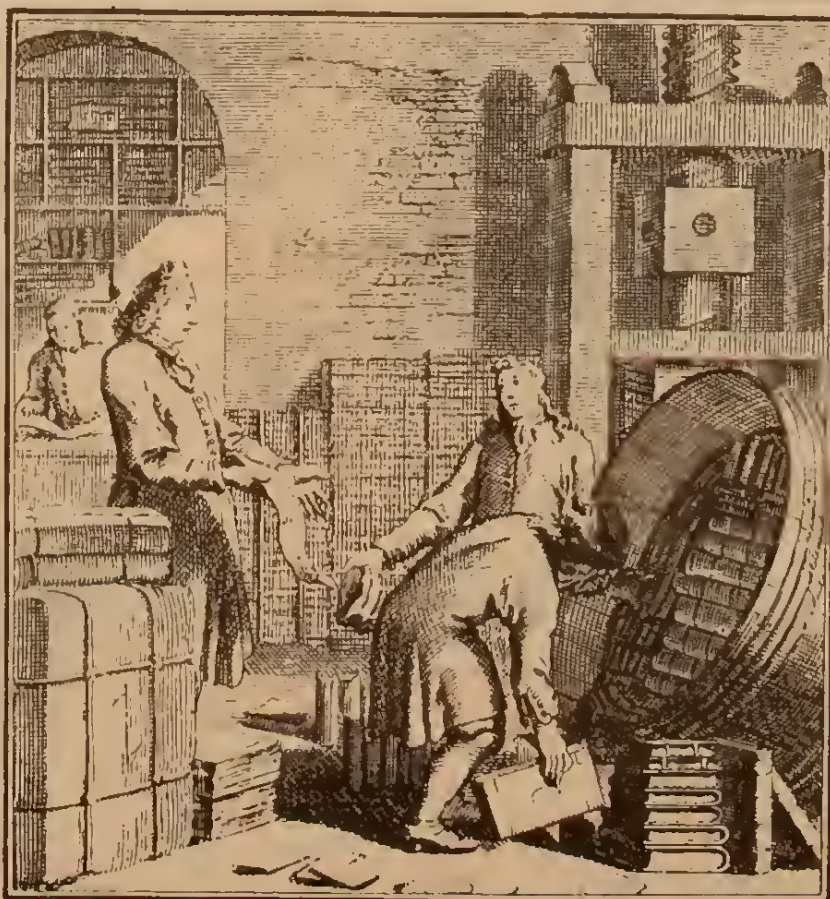
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miseries of cat behavior. S.F. S.P.C.A. 2500 16th St. 10:30 a.m. and 12:30 p.m., \$5-10. Call 554-3000.

Stop Sucking On That Cappuccino and Make Some Money - Hank "Hyena" Pellisser's reasonably priced (\$28) intensive workshop on grantwriting for artists, performers, writers and filmmakers gets your butt out of the cafe and on the road to fame and fortune. Includes 48 pages of handouts. Fort Mason Bldg. C Room 216, 10 a.m. - 12:30 p.m. Call 252-7643.

The Busioess of Crafts - A two day intensive workshop for craftswomen who want become successfully self-employed. S.F. Women's Building 3543 18th St., 9:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m., \$65. Call 285-0572. PART TWO ON 4/17.

The South African Vote - South African Trade Unionist Mfanafuthi "Prof" Ndlovu speaks on the election in his country. Socialist Action Bookstore 3425 Army St., 8:00 p.m., \$1.50-\$3. Call 821-0458.

SUNDAY, APRIL 17

Basic Bunniness - Beth Woolbright of the House Rabbit Society and Marinell Harriman author of House Rabbit Handbook give you the scoop on dealing with your wascally wabbit. S.F.S.P.C.A. 2500 16th St., 1 p.m., \$5. Call 554-3050.

Two Wheels Good, Tulips Good - 20 mile bicycle tour of San Francisco's community gardens. Meet at the S.L.U.G. Garden at 7th and Lawton in the Inner Sunset, 11 a.m.- 4 p.m., free, bring a lunch. Call 751-BIKE.

Four Wheels Bad - Dwight Engwicht talks about his book Reclaiming Our Cities and Towns in which he argues for the elimination of automobiles from urban areas. Modern Times Books 888 Valencia St., 7:30 p.m., free.

Jazz! - Lisle Ellis and Gene Coleman at Radio Valencia 1199 Valencia St., 8:30 p.m., \$5. Call 826-1199.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20

Only On Valencia St. - The Bay Area's only open reading for lesbian and gay writers. Modern Times Books 888 Valencia St., 7:30 p.m., free.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21

New Hope for Lesbian Bed Death Syndrome - A woman only workshop on putting the zing back in that woman with woman thing. Good Vibrations 1210 Valencia St., 8 p.m., \$20 pre-registration required. Call 974-8980.

Tube Sex Talk - Clips of sex workers appearing on tv talk shows hosted by COYOTE. A.T.A. 992 Valencia St., 8:30 p.m., \$5. Call 824-3890

FRIDAY, APRIL 22

Field of Doff - "Doff" a dance performance piece by graduating New College student Carrie Field, takes off with a loony but catered art opening and precedes to strip away large slabs of art pretense and expose featured performers and dancers and perhaps a significant body part or two. New College 777 Valencia St., 8 p.m., \$5-10. Call 861-4168. ALSO PLAYS ON 4/23 AND 4/24.

Entropy Presents Anti Matter - Stand up comics' warp driven sketch comedy shoots a photon torpedo into impulse powered conventional comedy, featuring former Holy City Zookeepers Lank and Earl plus an imploding galaxy of other funny folks. The Marsh 1062 Valencia St., 10:30 p.m., \$7-10. Call 641-0235.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23

Psychedelic Redux - "Alien Dreamtime" melts in your mind not in your hand; the video version of Terence McKenna's neo-hippie exposition on altered states of consciousness by Rose Xers Ken Adams and Britt Welin, plus head tripping short subjects. A.T.A. 992 Valencia St., 8:30 p.m., \$5. Call 824-3890.

Touch\Prayer - Wise Fool Puppet Intervention uses its giant stilt dancers to increase awareness of the many dimensions of the Aids crisis. (See article on page 17 of this issue.) Dolores Park at the corner of 19th and Dolores, 7:30 p.m., free. Call 550-1617 or 905-5958. ALSO PLAYS ON 4/24

Latin Music Mix - Puerto Rican music by Luis Echevarria, and "Canto Rupestre" featuring Peruvian Juan Cuba and Mexican Francisco Ferrer. Pena Del Sur 2870 A 22nd St., 9:30 p.m., \$5. Call 550-1101

MONDAY, APRIL 25

Monday Night Marsh - Performance art and wit from Vicki Dello Joio, Francesca Loetscher, Bill Newport, and Sabine von der Tann. The Marsh 1062 Valencia St., 8:30 p.m., \$6. Call 641-0235.

TUESDAY APRIL 26

Wildcat Words - Permission to Abuse: Corporate, Random and Intimate Violence, a panel discussion by members of the National Writers Union. The Marsh 1062 Valencia St., 8:30 p.m., \$3-10. Call 641-0235.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27

"Cuba Va" - A documentary film by Vicente Franco and Gail Dolgin in which Cuban youth debate the future of their country. One in a series of events benefiting the Freedom to Travel Campaign. Mission Cultural Center 2868 Mission St., 7:30 p.m. Call 558-9490.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28

Women of Silk - Gail Tsukiyama talks about her new book that recounts the organizing efforts of women working in a 1926 Chinese silk factory. Old Wives' Tales 1009 Valencia st., 8:00 p.m., \$3-10. Call 821-4676.

FRIDAY, APRIL 29

"Bad Apples" - A moody black and white film about three drifters, a ukelele and their life of petty crime in dusty California towns. A.T.A. 992 Valencia St., 8:30 p.m., \$5. Call 824-3890

Swiss Mix - New works by swiss choreographers Tina Mantel, who shows the U.S. premiere of her solo piece "Vor Bilder" and Andy C. Meier, who will premiere "Everything I Know", a duet with Vong Phrommala. New Performance Gallery 3153 17th St., 8:30 p.m., \$9-12. Call 775-7175.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30

Soupstock '94 - Free outdoor concert in celebration of Food Not Bombs 14th Birthday; arts, crafts, free food, live music, puppets and more. Band Shell at the Music Concourse in Golden Gate Park, High Noon, free. Call 330-5030.

Cathode Ray Iconoclasts - Some of the best stuff from film/videomakers Phil Patiris and living legend Ed Jones. A.T.A. 992 Valencia St., 8:30 p.m., \$5. Call 824-3890.

ONGOING

Tuesdays - Open mike at the Falling Dog Cafe 3591 20th St., 8:30 p.m., free

Fridays - Oud music, song and percussion performance of classic Arabian hits from the Middle East. Amira 590 Valencia St., 8-11 p.m., free. Call 621-6213.

Fridays and Saturdays - "Particles", a new play by Peter Carlaftes, "celebrates the moment you stare across the room at now". Marilyn Monroe Memorial Theater 96 Lafayette, 8:30 p.m., \$12. Call 552-3034.

Thursdays- Saturdays - "The Dyke and the Porn Star" the title of this play does not tell all but probably enough. The Marsh 1062 Valencia St., 8:30 p.m., \$8-12. Call 641-0235.

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ROUND WORLD MUSIC REVIEW

by Robert Leaver

TALKING TIMBUKTU

One of the greatest music festivals on this planet is the annual Reggae on the River festival in Northern California, just south of Garberville. This weekend-long fest has evolved into a diverse world music program, featuring top African and Caribbean groups. In commemoration of its 10th anniversary last year, Earthbeat records has released two CDs taken from last year's performances. Michael Franti from S.F.'s Disposable Heroes raps with Baaba Maal from Senegal on "Yelle Jam"; reggae singer supreme Lucky Dube from South Africa sings a soulful falsetto version of "You Make Me Feel like a Natural Man"; the Wailing Souls evoke the spirit in "Jah Give us life to Live"; local favorites Rod and the I-Deals sing of "Herbicide Danger"; Boukman Eksperyans from Haiti give us a vodou spiritual in "Maxi Agaye"; and Ismael Lo of Senegal warms us of "Raciste" in a rhythmic soul groove.

Like the scene itself, these CDs document this unpretentious, multicultural affair. The 11th annual R-on-R will be August 6th and 7th, and the lineup should be as strong as ever. Tickets always sell out in advance; they go on sale this month, so you should call their hotline at 707-923-4583 if you are interested. Be prepared for a hot time, literally; it was well over 100 degrees the last two years.

The origin of many of the "riddims" still dominant in reggae music today can be traced to the "rock-steady" period of the late '60s/'70s in Jamaica. Now there is an excellent CD on Heartbeat records that documents a DJ event from November of 1972 with Sir Coxsone's *Down Beat*, providing the grooves from his own Studio One label: Mojo Rock Steady.

The sound quality is superb; the fat bass lines so crucial to reggae are there, and not a scratch or pop to be heard (in Jamaica, reggae is still a singles market — 45 rpm). Top vocal groups such as the Gaylads, the Bassies and the Clarendonians are here, as well as the great Alton Ellis and saxman Roland Alfonso of the Skatalites; and some classic versions (instrumental B-sides) are included. This is music to make you rock your body and move your feet!

Sure to be the "world music" record of the year is the soon-to-be-released *Talking Timbuktu* by Malian guitarist/vocalist Ali Farka Toure with American guitarist (slide and such) Ry Cooder on World Circuit Records. Ali Farka Toure has been charming Europe for years with his mandingo-meets-blues music; and last year, after his S.F. gig for an enthusiastic audience at Great American Music Hall, he went to L.A. to record this record. Also featured on the recording is Clarence Gatemouth Brown on guitar and violin, some drums and bass. When I heard of this venture, I thought, what a perfect pairing — and now that I've heard it, yes, this was a recording session made in heaven. There may be a language barrier here; but with these musicians, there was no music barrier. A masterpiece like this may just open the door to African guitar genius — there is certainly no lack of it in West Africa.

Imagine a classic Cuban *conjunto* and add a silky pure electric guitar weaving a smooth melody thread through the rhythm section, anchoring a sadly sweet vocal line, and maybe you can imagine some of Gnonnas Pedro's music. My favorite obscure African artist of late, this mysterious man from Benin is now,



Ali Farka Toure with Ry Cooder

ADVANCE CD PRESSING — RELEASE DATE: 3/29/94

shockingly, on CD. From France comes *La Compilation Musique Afro-Cubaine*. Included are "La Combinacion de Gnonnas," in which he does a medley of Cuban standards, including "Manicero." Also included among the 11 tunes and 70-plus minutes is my personal favorite, "La Musica en Verite." Ever since I first heard this a couple of years ago, I have found myself spontaneously singing or humming this tune, sometimes totally involuntarily; and although I'm far from certain, I imagine the chorus to mean "the music, it's the truth," or "the truth is in the music." *Ay Dios!* 1 second that emotion!

This year's soca from Trinidad Carnival 1994 is just in the door. Calypso Rose is as strong as ever on "Soca Diva," Stalin's "Rebellion" continues to "consciousness" quest, and Kitch is still swingin' — we'll let you know about any other gems next month.

On the live scene, we finally have some great African shows this month. Salif Keita from Mali will be at Zellerback on Friday April 8; a soukous show at Manyatta club in Oakland with Bito on Saturday April 2; and the fantastic 4 Stars (4 Etoiles) from Zaire will be appearing at the Kennel Club with DJ Cheb i Sabbah on Saturday April 15.

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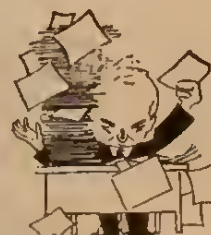
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BUSTED!!!!

by Frank Deadbeat

Work is prison. Jobs are jail. OK, maybe some people have no imagination, maybe they'd have nothing else to do 8 hours a day if it wasn't for their shitty jobs — but for creative geniuses like you and me, wage-slavery is the scourge of life, right? I mean, given a choice between time and money, we choose time. We need it to write, paint, play music, create! And yet, the landlord isn't amused when we pay with a poem or a painting on the first of the month...

Me, I've had a fairly tolerable gig these last few years: hanging flyers. Sounds pretty low on the food chain, and it is; but then again, I'm my own boss, I work when I want; with 3 or 4 clients at a time I can earn up to \$20 an hour. That means I work only 2 or 3 hours a day and have the rest of my time free for creative geniusing. There's only one small problem with the flyer business: It's illegal. Sort of.

Every now and then a cop will stop me: "You know that's against the law, don't you?"

"Gee, officer, you mean all the posters on these poles have been hung by criminals? I knew this neighborhood was dangerous, but..."

"You tryin' to be funny, bub? I'd give you a ticket right now if my hands wasn't all sticky from this chocolate eclair. Consider yourself warned!"

Under normal conditions, though, cops generally ignore me. Abnormal conditions include the annual spring cleaning the police do on Haight St. to prepare that neighborhood for tourist season — mostly rousting unsightly winos and small-time drug-dealers. This year they've been getting tougher on unsightly flyer-ing, too. I know two people who've received \$500 fines; so I've been extra careful, watching out for the fuzz and telling every other poster boy I see to do the same.

The other day I'm working my way up Haight St. when I see someone hanging flyers for another club. I catch up to him and make the usual non-aggression pact — "don't cover mine and I won't cover yours" — and warn him about The Man And His Plan.

"Really?" he says. "There's a cop coming down the street right now. Let's duck into this store."

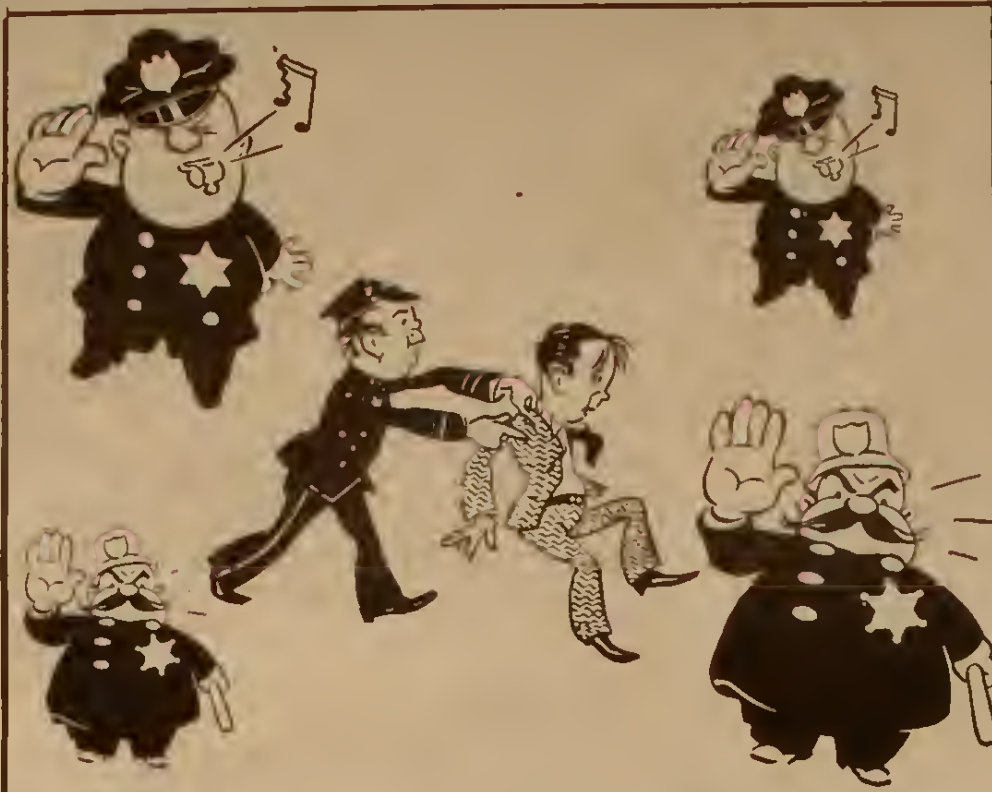
We duck into a trendy boutique — and the cop follows us in! He apprehends us, handcuffs us together right there in front of the trendy counter help and hustles us back onto the sidewalk.

"Do you know what you were doing is against the law?"

"Well, officer, I've heard there are conflicting laws on the books regarding flyers—"

"Save it for the judge. You're under arrest."

"B-but officer, I thought flyer-ing was just a



ticketing offense, an infraction!"

"It is, but when you attempted to evade an officer of the law, it became a misdemeanor."

"We weren't trying to evade you, sir, we were merely drawn in by the insouciant window display!"

"Oh yeah? Next time you open your big mouth, I'll cite you both for interfering with a police investigation."

The guy I'm handcuffed to lets out a groan. We wait a few minutes for the squad car to come pick us up, giving the locals a chance to gawk at us while I picture myself sharing a cell with a 300-lb. chainsaw-murderer named Tiny.

"What you in for, kid?"

"Hanging flyers."

"Ooooooh, don't hurt me! Guard! Guard! Get this maniac away from me!"

At the station we're cuffed to a metal bar that runs along the wall behind a metal bench. A couple of wasted deadheads share the bench with us. No one talks. A groove runs along the middle of the concrete floor, presumably to catch any bodily fluids that might be spilled in the course of questioning.

We sit and wait. I realize the cops are only trying to throw the fear into us. The guy with me is given a ticket and released — "I'm free! I'm free! I'll never break the law again! I'll go back to school, I'll study accounting!" — then it's my turn. I give the cop the information he wants — name, address, social security number. I'm not worried; my record is clean.

"Any aliases?"

"Well, I sometimes write under the name Frank Deadbeat."

He stops filling out the ticket and looks up at me, incredulous. "Did you say Frank Deadbeat?"

"Yes, that's correct. I do a regular column for the New Mission News."

"The guys here at the station love your work!" He calls to the other cops, "Hey fellas! Look who's here! It's Frank Deadbeat!"

Soon I'm in the middle of a sea of blue, shaking hands, getting slapped on the back.

"Vasquez here was particularly impressed with your ontological approach to Egyptian mythology in last month's column. And that poem you did in February? Made O'Brien cry."

O'Brien offers me a half-eaten jelly donut out of his pocket, which I graciously accept. Another cop asks, "Why you doing a ratty job like hanging flyers when you've got such talent at your fingertips?"

"Well, guys, it's not easy to sell great literature, and flyer-ing lets me support myself while

still giving me plenty of time to exercise my gifts. See, that's my number one priority: having time."

The cops all nod in total understanding and compassion for the artist's plight.

"Say, if it isn't too much trouble, Mr. Deadbeat, would you mind signing some autographs?"

"Sure thing, boys."

The arresting officer starts pushing sheets of "scratch paper" at me, which I sign. "What's all this other writing on these sheets?" I ask.

The cops all smile. "Congratulations, Mr. Deadbeat, you've just confessed to the Zodiac murders!"

"You mean—?"

"Yes! You'll never want for time again, and never ever have to hang another poster as long as you live!"

I fall to my knees and kiss the law's patent leather shoes, weeping with gratitude, "Oh thank you thank you thank you..."

Which only goes to show: If you follow your creative instincts, doors will open for you — even if they do clang shut at lockup time.

And to think, I once believed that cops were nothing but a bunch of fat, moronic, power-tripping pigs!

.....

(Seriously, kids: Commercial posting is covered under Section 675 of the Municipal Code, which states that flyers may be hung on public utility poles, using tape only, and must be removed within 30 days. The date of posting must be written in the lower right hand corner of the flyer, and you ought to have a permit from the Department of Public Works. That's what I was nabbed for: no permit, no date of posting, and they really did cuff me and haul my ass to the station just to give me a ticket. I'm still not sure how much my fine will be, but the client I was working for at the time of my "arrest" has generously offered to pay it.)

NEXT MONTH: FRANK GOES TO COURT!

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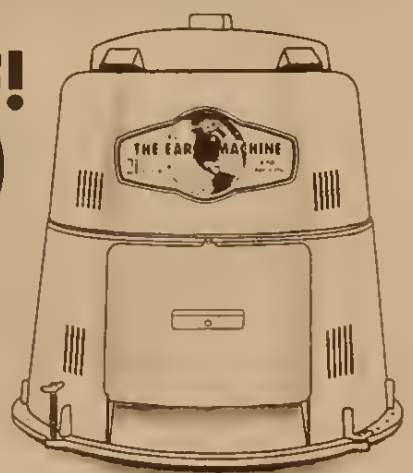
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